

Woman's Exponent.

The Ballot in the Hands of the Women of Utah should be a Power to better the Home, the State and the Nation.

Vol. 28.

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PURITY.

Take my roses white today,
Scatter them before thy way,
Pure as crystal from above,
Speak they of eternal love.

Take my roses red today,
Thus for me you have to say—
Who shall share my heart's best
blood,
Who shall sail across death's flood.

On the cross of red and white,
Love and purity unite—
Pain and sorrow brought the right,
Brilliant gems at dead of night.

MABELLE BIGGART.

En route, Salt Lake City, Jan. 1900

LITTLE THINGS.

At the gates of heaven the angel stood,
Guarding the way to the pure and good,
And passing upon the lives and deeds,
Of those who would enter where it leads.

When a portly man, with form erect,
Looking very wise and circumspect,
Came walking along with lofty mien,
And an air which said, "I'll go right in."

He broke the silence, "How do you do,
Please open the gates till I pass through;
I've traveled far and would fain sit down,
I am anxious, too, to see my crown."

How," said the angel, "thy passport, please,
And name, ere I turn the golden keys;
What hast thou done—'tis my right to know,—
While journeying on the sphere below?"

"My passport? Sir, you astonish me!
What I have done all the world could see;
And surely, angel, you know my name,
Why it was rung from the heights of fame.

It was written, too, in letters bold,
On tower'ing buildings in shining gold;
My voice was heard from pulpit, stage,
Indeed my sermons were quite the rage.

I was honored, too, in ev'ry land,
The great and the noble took my hand;
And many wonderful things I did,
My light, good angel, was never hid.

I could wield the pen in prose or rhyme,
My books were read in many a clime,
And in framing laws for humankind,
Mine was considered a master-mind."

"But," said the angel, "I prithee tell,
Didst attend to little things so well?"
"Tend to little things," the great man cried,
"Why, angel, you would not me deride?"

You see, mere trifles of little worth,
I left for mortals of common birth."
Then the angel gravely shook his head,
"Thou hast gained thy just reward," he said.

On the earth the stars small things appear,
But assume most wondrous position here;
And thou hast failed the crown to win;
Fare thee well, thou canst not enter in."

Then there came a timid little child,
With faltering steps and manner mild;
"Well," said the angel, "What is thy name?
Didst thou, too, climb to the heights of fame?"

"O, gentle angel, alas, 'tis true,
On earth my name was known to few,
But I struggled on the best I could,
Though I know I was not always good.

I could not do much, O angel pure,
For I was weak, but my trust was sure;
So I tried to do each little thing,
The Savior bade me. May I go in?"

He tenderly gazed on the little child,
And clasped her hand, as she wept and smiled;
"Dear little one, thou hast nobly striv'n
To such as thou is the kingdom giv'n."
RUTH M. FOX.

JUSTICE AND JUDGMENT.

We find many in our travels who seem surprised at the little justice that the outside world is willing to give to the Latter-day Saints. Perhaps it is because they have been born under the covenant, consequently have not experienced what prejudice is often imbibed through hearing false reports. They have not experienced the changes resulting from the purgation some have to undergo before they become grounded in the Gospel.

Our missionaries who meet with people of different nationalities and creeds, understand, however, something about the incorrect principles many are cradled in; people who travel little and only meet with one class of people do not always have the charity and judgment of those who learn much of human nature.

My father was a man who had been a Captain of a merchant ship, a man who had mixed with many minds and many men; and though he never heard the Gospel, he always accepted a truth, even though it sometimes cost him a great sacrifice to do so. He always seemed hurt when any one spoke sneeringly of Jesus, because of His nationality. He also tried to impress his children that if they wished to judge any one, they should place themselves in the position of the individual they were trying to judge. Then if they understood his temperament, and knew something of the principles he had been taught, also if they could find out his motives for doing those certain things and knew of his circumstances, perhaps they might be capable of judging.

Isaiah tells in the 11th chapter that there shall come forth out of the stem of Jesse, one who shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears. If we could follow his example how slow we should be to judge our neighbors.

Before judging we should ask ourselves these questions: What were their motives?

What prompted them? Was it Satan who had set a trap to try to make a man an offender for a word? Then another question would follow: Will you silently and lovingly deliver that one if he has erred in spirit or in understanding? Above all, let us remember the Mormon creed, "Mind your own business."

What a pity we are not as wise as Solomon! Yet Solomon did not always act wisely, but fell when he had departed from the path of righteousness. How necessary our words should be flavored with the spirit of love. What slander would be saved; unity would take the place of division; our homes would be little heavens; our fences so secure that no intruding spirits could possibly enter, and evil spirits would be bound to remain outside—nothing could harm or hurt in Zion.

Do we not look for this glorious time to come soon, when we are rejoicing and praising God for the restoration of the Gospel? On the other hand, when we are weak, when clouds hover over us, and when our Heavenly Father seems to withdraw His spirit from us, what blunders we make, how helpless we are. We wonder at our carelessness and that we get ashamed of ourselves. But if we always felt strong and charitable, we would always be in our watch-tower. We might have a little sympathy for our neighbor, who has never walked in the light.

If we never had felt the pangs of poverty could we feel for the poor and destitute? If we had been always healthy, we could not advise the sick or speak a cheering word to the sad. If we had never erred in judgment, we could not warn our children of the pitfalls that surround them. We could feel no need of being watchful and prayerful in these perilous times, but that we know the enemy is busy trying to overcome his people. We know he is sending extra forces, for his time is short, and what he does must be done quickly. We know his dividing spirits are recruiting, and finding and spying out our weak places. We need to stand shoulder to shoulder and keep sacred the faults of our brothers and sisters, as we would wish they would do with us.

A. L. M.

COUNCIL PRESS NOTICE.

The National Council of Women will hold no Annual Executive until the fall of 1900. This organization which reflects or concentrates the work of so many national and State organizations, is doing steady work all the time. Its effort is for the present concentrated on plans for a commission for Cuba and Hawaii, to investigate into the condition of women in those Islands, and see wherein the women of the United States can be helpful or co-operative with them. These plans will be submitted at the Executive in the fall and the commission formally appointed.

It is expected that the President of the United States will endorse this commission.

A WOMAN MISSIONARY.

[Mrs. Addison Pratt on the Society Islands, 1850.]

(Continued.)

The people fitted up a room for our reception, spread clean grass for a floor, laid down mats, on which they laid our food, and we ate heartily with thankful hearts. Mr. Pratt began preaching and baptizing. A council was held and it was finally decided that he should remain there for a time, and his family return to Tubauai.

We walked over the Island, went to two other villages and found in each a respectable house of worship, making three in the distance of eight miles. The natives hailed us as we passed and invited us in a most cordial manner to stop and eat with them. There was also a school house in each village. Such is their reverence for their prayer houses they would not presume to have them used for schoolrooms, of whatever device or denomination. The walls of their buildings are of the purest white, plastered on either side with lime burnt from coral rock. Near one public building there was a sepulcher built of hewn stone, where their former king was buried. There were large squashes growing near the spot. I inquired if they were good to eat. The man shook his head and replied: "This is consecrated ground. Should any one eat what grows upon it, he would die of the same disease the old king died with."

I went to see one old grave walled up with stones. The roof had fallen in and left the bones in sight. The skulls were very large, the teeth sound, they had died in full manhood. The grave was far from my dwelling, and the natives have great superstition about going near a place of that kind, which accounts for its remaining uncovered.

We also went to see a large cave in the mountains. Projecting rocks hung over the mouth, leaving a small entrance just large enough for one person to enter. There was a damp atmosphere inside, and total darkness. We found candlenuts (strong thorns on the end of cocconut leaves) made a light, by which we were enabled to survey the inside. It had the appearance of being a hundred feet long, and the interior was as high as a three story building, perpendicular on one side, extending like the roof of a house. Some of our company found bones of human beings in the caves. I retreated awe-stricken.

On our return to the village we stopped to see a new schooner nearly completed. It was under cover, built in old English style, with round ends. We climbed to examine her cabins. It appeared to be well done. For ornamental work they carve; pillars and posts in their dwellings are finished in that style, thus showing to the observer that they have natural taste and ingenuity which ought to be cultivated.

The room we occupied while on shore was at the end of a building seventy feet in length. The remainder was occupied by a crowd of the people who bought food daily and ate with their visitors from Tabauai. They set up high post bedsteads for us, of their own make, curtained round with their kind of cloth for mosquito bar, made of the bark of the paper mulberry tree, thin, fine and white.

The head chief, or king, is a handsome man, quite fair, with regular features. He was converted to the Mormon faith on

another island. He had never seen "Paraita" till he called on us on his return from the Chain Islands. His wife is a complete opposite, coarse and uncomely. She was kind and attentive, though unpleasant to look upon.

The last Sabbath on that Island was a solemn one. Five persons were baptized and the communion and sacrament of the Lord's Supper commemorated. The Tubauai friends were sad at the instance of leaving their missionary behind. His discourse was impressive. His address to them aroused their sympathies. In affecting terms he committed his family to their care and protection. Fati, the king, expressed his great joy that the missionary would remain with him.

The following morning great ceremonies were in operation. The kind people loaded us with food for the ship's company on the voyage home. They followed us in crowds to the beach, expecting to hear a "wailing" when "Paraita" and his family parted. We told them it was not our practice to weep aloud. Sixteen of our number remained behind on that Island. These, with those who had been baptized, would form quite a branch of the Church. The Governor of Taubuai was opposed to leaving the missionary. He said he would be more appreciated in his own Island.

We had a fair wind home and made the voyage in less than twenty-four hours. Found three schooners lying in the harbor. Captain Johnson's was one, and we had the pleasure of again seeing our dear little Mary. Though we were all happy to see her, we could not help feeling sorrowful to see her in charge of a mother incapable of training her properly, and a stepfather addicted to intemperance.

As we hove in sight of our Island we saw a crowd of people standing on the beach to watch the approach of our vessel. Our youngest daughter, Ann Louisa, whom we had left at home with her Aunt Crosby, stood with the rest to welcome us.

Captain Grouard immediately put in freight for Tahiti. The boy, Hiram E. W. Clark, who came with us from Salt Lake City, went with the captain on this voyage, to learn a little of a sailor's life.

The natives made a great feast on our return. We tried to be cheerful to console them for leaving their teacher in Ravaivai. The schooners all sailed and left us alone with our native friends, who showed us great kindness.

The 10th day of November, 1851. This is my birthday. Forty-nine years have I lived. How few attain to that age in comparison to those who come short of it. What a scene to look back upon! Had I known in my youthful days what I had to pass through, how faint and feeble my heart would have been when the trials assailed me. They were wisely hidden from me. Often in my youth did a presentiment of a fearful future come before me and seem to warn me to beware of taking steps to hasten on my destiny. But it was written in the book of fate, and therein 'twas written that I had much to suffer for the Gospel's sake. I have said with Job, "The things which I dreaded came upon me." I have endeavored to bear them patiently, and wherein I have failed I look to heaven for pardon. I am not amenable to man; neither will I suffer man to judge me. My soul has seen travail, and dark waters have murmured around me and floods of sorrow have arisen mountains high and burst upon

my head. Hunger, cold and nakedness have stared me in the face. Pain of body and agony of mind, false friends have beset me and secret griefs have fastened their venom on my heart and threatened to loosen the chords of life. But this glorious Gospel came and the light of truth dawned upon my saddened heart and caused me to sing for joy. Then all my sorrows were forgotten.

Strong confidence in God has enabled me to triumph in a great measure over every calamity, and thus day by day I thank Him that I have lived to see a glorious work commenced on the earth, although it has introduced me into a thorny path where my feet have been goaded to blood. Christ walked therein before me, and the Prophet Joseph drank deep of the bitter cup in his life, and died by the hands of wicked men in a state that boasts of religious freedom. Oh, Illinois, of you will it be required!

In the midst of grief I have joys. Afflicted, but not in despair. Knowledge of the truth is now an anchor to my soul. I look for joy in the future to equalize all I have suffered since the fulness of the everlasting Gospel has made me a pilgrim and a stranger, far away from my kindred and country.

This morning I went to Mr. Layton's, who has a Tahitian wife, and she knows nothing about housekeeping. A young girl lives with them who assists in the cooking department. I was very anxious to give her some instructions in the system of cleaning house and keeping it in order. I introduced the subject in a plausible manner, so as not to give offense. The young girl readily acquiesced, seeming to believe it would be a nice affair to know how to keep house like "*mau tamahine papa*," (foreign girls.) It was astonishing the amount of rubbish we hoed out of one room. Then a fire in the door yard completely revolutionized the premises. After this, Frances, our second daughter, proposed occupying the room, teaching two little boys, and further instructing the girl in rules pertaining to every day life.

November 12th Mr. Layton had a daughter born. There was great rejoicing among the relatives, it being the first girl in the family. According to their custom, they would have it wrapped in a square piece of cloth. I speedily made a suit, dressed it in our fashion and gave the child my name, Louisa. All seemed delighted, and called it a "*tamahine papa*."

Ellen is an excellent interpreter, and I am also advancing fast in a knowledge of the language. I met with a few grown persons for the purpose of reading the scriptures. They had many questions to ask in reference to some passages. I attempted in my own way to explain, and really was surprised myself at my success. All present seemed highly gratified. My subject was baptism for the dead, in which they manifest a deep interest.

Little do we know what we can do 'till we make a thorough trial. Past the meridian of life I learned a new language.

(To be continued.)

MRS. FRANCES A. MORTON has been appointed Superintendent of the Reformatory Prison for Women at Sherborn, Mass. Mrs. Morton has been in charge of the institution since the death of Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, and had previously served as deputy superintendent.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND
NINETY-NINE.

The old year lies a-dying,
Cold winter winds are sighing,
Dark clouds are quickly flying,
Round the world to night.

Dim, the lamp is burning low,
Twilight flames and flickers so,
While the shadows come and go,
Through the quiet room.

Good bye, Old Year, you've been kind,
'Mid leaves and flowers joy I find,
Closely 'round my path entwined;
Year, good bye, tonight.

Gone for aye beyond recall,
Like the flut'ring leaves that fall,
At the early Autumn's call,
On the earth's cold breast.

Solemn the bells ring tonight,
Telling of Time's rapid flight,
Tell, too, of darkness and light,
O'er all the wide world.

Can they hush the widow's cry?
Groans where thick the bullets fly?
Carnage where the soldiers die?
Year, good bye, good bye.

Trails of blood you leave behind,
'Gainst the weak the strong unkind,
'Gainst the Right, the world combined,
Man oppressed by man.

Tears fall as you pass away,
New Year bring a better day,
When Peace shall the nations sway,
And Christ come to reign.

LYDIA D. ALDER,

Sittingbourne, Dec. 31, 1890.

MOTHER'S BASKET.

Babies and books. Women and work,
There is room in this world for us all,
The sunbeams that dance and the shadows which
lurk,
All answer to nature's call.

Nature requires both sunshine and storm,
So we'll shrink not from heat nor from cold;
But cheerfully, lovingly strive to perform
All the work that our baskets hold.

A LAW OF NATURE.

Every life needs some diversity. Many mothers, home-workers, are apt to allow their time and their minds to be entirely occupied with the one, all-absorbing theme; to run too exclusively in the one, never ending channel. Thus they injure, instead of gaining best results for their dearest purposes in life.

An intelligent farmer calls attention to the fact that "while certain forms of plant and animal life gravitate toward certain localities most favorable for their propagation and development, still, never, under any circumstance, does such form of life ever exclusively occupy such territory. A square rod of native prairie will give a dozen varieties of grass; one acre of woodland, a score of varieties of forest growth; a small stream of water, a hundred types of aquatic life, all forms of life held within proper bounds of some sort.

"Man ignorantly violates this law and grows too much wheat, and the rust and the chinch bug takes it; too many hogs, and the cholera sweeps them off; too many hops, and the louse ruins his yard; too many peaches, and the yellows smite his orchard; too many potatoes, and the rot and the bug destroy his crop."

These hints are very suggestive, and one mother having come across them, desires others to have the advantage of reading and thinking over them.

This law of diversity in nature is a good

law to adopt in our homes. We want good, wholesome food all the year round, but we want variety. And as with our physical natures, so also with the mental and spiritual parts of our beings.

Besides conscientiously looking after the preparations for bodily food and taking care of the clothing for our households, let us read and gain knowledge. Let us pray and laugh with our children, and be happy.

L. L. GREENE RICHARDS.

BRAVE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

When the bare-footed and thinly clad soldiers went to the Morris County kitchens Hannah Carey, wife of David Thompson, ladled out food from the great iron pot, saying, "Eat away, men; you are welcome because you are fighting for the country. Eat what you want. It is a great cause you are engaged in, and we are willing to share with you what we have as long as it lasts."

The women with homes shared with those who were without. We cannot imagine what they endured. The men fought well for the country and so did the women.

Hannah Arnett, of Elizabeth town, N. J., heard her husband several times say to some men that he thought of giving up all effort for independence. She burst into the room, and, in spite of her husband, rebuked their weakness and cowardice, saying: "What greater cause could there be than that of country? I married a good man, a true one, a faithful husband and a loyal Christian gentleman. It needs no divorce to sever me from a traitor and a coward. If you take sides with the British you lose your wife, and I lose my husband and my home."

Hannah Arnett spoke for the patriotic women of America, and she was as grand as any of them. They were noble men and noble women. We are proud of our ancestors. They are precious relics of a heroic age, and ought to be garnered up safely in history.

"Tempe Wicke owned a handsome horse which she always rode with skill. One day as the army was making arrangements to remove, Miss Wicke, mounted on her favorite horse, started out, wending her way to Mendam to make a visit. On her return she was accosted by some soldiers, who commanded her to dismount. One of them seized the bridle reins. Perfectly self-possessed she appeared to submit to her fate, but not without a vain entreaty not to take her horse from her. She said she would be sorry to part from him, but as she had to, she would ask two favors of them. One was to return him to her if possible, and the other was, whether they returned him or not, to treat him well. The soldiers were completely thrown off their guard and the reins were released. The men supposed she was about to dismount, but nothing was farther from her mind. No sooner did the man take his hand off the reins, than she touched her spirited horse with the whip. He sped from among them like an arrow. As she was riding away at full speed they fired at her, but she was unharmed. She urged her horse up a steep hill. Going around to the kitchen door of her home, she sprang off and led the horse into the kitchen. thence into the parlor, and thence into the spare room, which had but one window, with a shutter. The soldiers shortly after came up, searched the

barn and the woods in vain. She kept her horse in the spare room for three weeks, until the last trooper was fairly off. The courageous and adroit woman afterwards became the wife of William Tuttle, an officer in a Jersey brigade. Do you not think he must have been proud of her?"

Mollie Pitcher, the brave and loyal woman, kindly carried water to the wounded soldiers until her husband, who was manning a gun, was killed. She took his place and assisted in loading and firing the cannon in the midst of the strife. She is called the "Heroine of Monmouth." After the engagement General Washington was so much pleased with the gallant conduct of the heroine that he gave her a lieutenant's commission. She was afterwards called Captain Mollie, and she deserved her title. Oh, that all the long-lost and forgotten ones could have more written of them!

HELEN MELINDA FISHER.

ANNIVERSARY DINNER.

Twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of Randolph Relief Society.

The Relief Society anniversary, (twenty-five years) was celebrated by a grand dinner at the meeting house for all the married people of Randolph Ward. The Opening address was by Louisa Gray, and after thanksgiving by Bishop McKinnon, all partook of a fine dinner, prepared by the sisters.

After dinner the following program was rendered:

Singing, "The spirit of God like a fire is burning." Prayer by Bishop McKinnon. Reading of the minutes of the organization of the society, a quarter of a century ago, effected by Sisters Eliza R. Snow and Elizabeth Howard, read by the secretary of the meeting, Wm. Rex. Roll call of the original members of the society, thirteen answering to their names.

Remarks were made by Sisters Elizabeth Brough and Mary Snowball, relating some of their experiences in the society.

Song, "Hard Times Come Again no More," by Lillian Webb and company.

Remarks by Stake President Lucy F. Grant, and a reading, "Lecture on Woman," by Mary F. Shelby.

General remarks by Father John Cameron (whose age is now eighty-two years) in Scotch costume.

Organ solo by Sister J. K. Nelson, and remarks by Bishop McKinnon, "Reminiscences of the Past Twenty-five Years."

President Sarah Tyson's closing remarks were explanatory of the work done in the past twenty-five years, there having been only one change, and that was in counselors, during all that time.

Benediction by Elder J. W. Smith.

WILLIAM REX, Sec. *pro tem.*

MRS. JENNIE C. CROLY, at the New Year luncheon of Sorosis, recalled the fact that thirty years ago a man applied for membership, and she replied that the club was too young to attend to anything but its studies, so to speak, and that for some time to come its motto must be, "Principles, not men."

Woman's Exponent.

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AN APPEAL TO UTAH WOMEN.

We publish in this issue the Governor's Proclamation in regard to an election, and we hope and trust the women of this State who hold the franchise, and have equal political rights of suffrage with the men of Utah will avail themselves of the privilege conferred upon them in the constitution of the State, and by their earnest endeavors to promote the highest good of the State and its people, use their utmost influence in the interest of harmony, and show to the country, of which they are an important part, that they appreciate the ballot and will make use of it for its legitimate purposes. In the years since statehood was conferred upon the people many women have taken an active part in political issues, and have rendered good service in both the great parties. A few have been elected to office, and have made a good record. Utah alone of all the states has had a woman senator, one who sat through two terms of the Legislature, having been so fortunate as to get the long term. And women have been elected to the Lower House and have been efficient in the work assigned to them and acquitted themselves well on committees. In several counties in the State women have filled the offices of auditor, treasurer, recorder, etc., and at the present time women are filling the offices of recorder, treasurer and minor places and no complaints are made in reference to their honesty or capabilities.

There are comparatively few women who would care to accept public positions of trust or emolument if tendered them, but the few have proven woman's ability to discharge public duties with credit and success. The work so far has not intruded upon the home or its obligations. No complaints have been made of neglect of husband or children because of going to vote or holding office.

Women can be very helpful in the coming campaign if they will use their womanly influence for justice and righteousness, not condescending to any of the petty bickerings and strife that occasion broils and disturbances when electioneering is in full progress. It is not yet decided what the mode of campaign will be, but whatever may be the ultimate decision, it will be the plain duty of every patriotic citizen to consider it his or her duty to do his best for the maintenance of order and a peaceful solution of the question to be settled by the votes of

the people of the State. Do not, women of our fair State, indulge in any ill feeling that would keep you from casting your vote for the man of your choice to represent Utah in the halls of Congress.

The conditions that confront the people at the present time throughout the country and throughout the world, demand from women their earnest attention and the best thought and active participation in the public welfare in whatever way seems wise and prudent; and more especially does it devolve upon women who hold the ballot to exert their utmost influence at the polls by casting the ballot for men who will serve their constituents honorably and uprightly without fear or favor in the interests, of justice and equality of privileges, and maintain the rights of the working man or woman as well as those who abound in wealth, that all may enjoy the freedom and liberty guaranteed by the constitution of our country.

At this crisis in the affairs of the state it seems that every man and woman, and especially heads of families, should stand for the principles embodied in the good old Constitution and Declaration of Independence, formulated by our forefathers under divine inspiration, as we candidly believe; and whatsoever others may do who disregard the Constitution or trample it under foot, the Latter-day Saints above all people should maintain their integrity to it and manifest to the world that intense love of freedom of conscience and the true spirit of liberty that was the crowning virtue of our Pilgrim fathers, and which eventually must be the touchstone of human liberty for all patriotic citizens who love their country and the dearest rights of their countrymen. Love God and your fellowmen, is a motto often used, but more often abused. Utah should stand for righteous laws and justice, and above all the women of Utah should do their part in the interests of all the grave questions that are on the tapis at the present time, and prepare themselves for greater and graver conditions and situations in the future.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

At the conference held to organize the Jordan Stake of Zion, January 21, and also when the Granite Stake was organized, January 28, selections were made of a presidency for the Relief Society of each Stake. In Jordan Stake Sister Marinda Bateman was sustained as president, with Sister Hedvig Hildah Larson, of Sandy, and Sister Agnes Cutler, as counselors. In the Granite Stake Sister Emma Woodruff was sustained as president, and Sisters Mary P. Young and Katharine H. Brockbank, Counselors. It is the intention to complete these organizations within a few days and get them into running order.

THE Stake Secretaries of the Relief Society of the several Stakes of Zion are hereby reminded that a yearly report is expected of them for the general report, from the beginning of the year 1899, January 1st to December 31st, and that the report must be in as early as February 15, so that the General Secretary may have sufficient time to make a correct report for the April Conference. All branches of the Relief Society not included in Stakes are also requested to send a full report for the year, that a complete report of the entire society may be made, including branches, whether

in the United States or other countries, or upon the islands of the sea. Address Mrs. E. B. Wells, Secretary, Templeton, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE Utah Woman's Press Club met last evening, January 31, 1900, at the residence of the president, Mrs. Aimee C. Schiller, and, after the transaction of important business, one feature of which was the appointment of a committee to draft a Memorial for Julia Ivins McDonald, one of the charter members of the club, lately deceased. Committee, Ruth M. Fox, Romania B. Pratt, M. D., Lucy A. Clark. Mrs. McDonald is the only member of the club that has passed away since its organization, October 31, 1891. A part of the program consisted of an original poem by Ruth M. Fox, and "The Lakes of the Wasatch," by Mary A. J. Lambert, both excellent and entertaining. We wish it distinctly understood the Press Club only aims to do original work and keep up with the times. The remainder of the evening was spent in delightful conversation and the hostess regaled the members and visitors with delicious refreshments, which added much to the pleasure of the gathering.

JANUARY 31 was the birthday of two of the most eminent women of Zion, and both were born in Jefferson County, State of New York, President Zina D. H. Young, of the Relief Society throughout the world, and her first vice president, Jane S. Richards, of Ogden, whose recent bereavement in the death of her life companion, President Franklin D. Richards, would make the day a sorrowful one for her instead of a day of rejoicing. A dinner party was given at the home of Mrs. W. J. Beatie, Mrs. Young's daughter. A few of Mrs. Young's most intimate friends were present in honor of the occasion, fourteen sat down at table. Aunt Zina, (Mrs. Young) as we all love to call her, pronounced a blessing that touched every heart with its sweet tenderness. Mrs. Beatie is a magnificent hostess, and knows exactly how to manage a dinner on any great occasion. Her tact and skill in this respect would satisfy the most fastidious. Beautiful flowers, elegant china, snowy linen and all that gives zest and tone to such affairs, with brilliant conversation, made the visit to the honored lady a perfect success.

MRS. LAURA G. FIXEN, of Chicago, visited our city enroute from California, arriving here Saturday morning, January 6. Sunday morning Mrs. Fixen attended the German meeting and in the afternoon the meeting in the Eighteenth Ward and in the evening the Y. L. and Y. M. conference in the Tabernacle. The lady was particularly impressed with the sermon of President Joseph F. Smith, upon purity of life and character. She stated that she had never heard the subject set forth so clearly and pointedly before, and felt that were such sermons preached from the pulpits of the churches in the Eastern cities, society and the condition of the people would be materially changed for the better. A purer atmosphere would pervade real life and great good would be the result, in the increase of virtue and morality. Mrs. Fixen's work is decidedly philanthropic. She is business manager of a Working Woman's Home, in Chicago, and edits a paper called *Diamond Dust*, in the interest of the same institution. The Home will accommodate eight or nine hundred women,

and has been a blessing to thousands. Connected with the home there is a dispensary. The same management has a summer resort on the shore of Lake Michigan, about thirty miles distant from Chicago. Mrs. Fixen is a very interesting woman. She possesses a great heart and has unbounded charity, is a fine linguist and is certainly seeking after truth. It was the privilege of the Utah women to meet her in Washington last winter, and having once seen us and heard something of our religious faith, she could not forget us, but wanted to know more and see us at home in our own city. Mrs. Fixen made an excellent impression in the National Council, where she gave a synopsis of her benevolent work. She is certainly a woman of marked individuality and strong character.

MISS MABELLE BIGGART, author and dramatist, spent a week in our city during January, but it was only the last few days before she left that we had the opportunity of meeting her. She gave her dramatization of *Adam Bede*, in the Ladies' Club House under the auspices of the Ladies Literary Society, and her rendition of the strong character of Adam Bede and his brother, Seth, was very wonderful for a woman. The voice, with the power manifest through the impersonation, surpassed anything of the kind we had ever seen. She made all the various scenes very vivid and real, so much so that one's sympathy was intense. Miss Biggart has also her own dramatization of *Ben Hur*, and after attending divine service in the Tabernacle on Sunday, January 21, expressed a wish to have the opportunity of giving *Ben Hur* in that grand place, with the great organ accompaniment. Miss Biggart gathered material while here for an article on Utah, to be brought out in the magazine, *Success*. Her books are *Solomon Garland*, and, now in course of publication, *Ourselves and Our Neighbors*. For this last she is to make a trip to Arizona and Mexico—making a study of the people and the country, its history and other matters. Her characterization of different classes of people is very original, both in manner and expression. She has been a great traveler for a young woman, and has met many celebrities in America and across the water. Miss Biggart may visit Salt Lake again in April on her return trip from Mexico.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Woman's Relief Society, held March 7, 1899, in room 208 Templeton building, (more than the required number for the transaction of business being present) when the subject of ways and means was being considered, a motion was made by Mrs. Martha A. Cannon, of Ogden, and seconded by Dr. Ellis R. Shipp, of Salt Lake City, that all money raised by local branches of the Relief Society on the 17th of March, over the ten cent membership of each member enrolled in the society, should be retained by the respective society. Motion was put by President Zina D. H. Young and carried unanimously.

(Signed)

ZINA D. H. YOUNG,
President,

EMMELINE B. WELLS,
Secretary.

BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF UTAH—A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, A vacancy exists in the office of Representative in Congress from the State of Utah; and

Whereas Section 784 of the Revised Statutes of Utah provides that when a vacancy occurs in the office of Representative in Congress, the Governor must at once issue a proclamation calling an election to fill such vacancy;

Now, therefore, I, Heber M. Wells, Governor of the State of Utah, in pursuance of such requirement, do hereby issue a proclamation calling an election to be held on Monday, the 2nd day of April, A. D. 1900, in the several election districts of this State, for the purpose of electing a representative in the Fifty-sixth Congress of the United States from the State of Utah, to fill the vacancy now existing. At such election the polls will be opened at 7 o'clock in the morning and continue open until 7 o'clock in the evening of said day, as provided by law.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the State of Utah to be hereunto affixed at Salt Lake City, this 27th day of January, A. D. 1900.

(Seal.) HEBER M. WELLS.

By the Governor.

J. T. HAMMOND, Secretary of State.

VISIT TO MEXICO.

On the 17th of October I left Salt Lake City in company with my son-in-law, to visit my daughter in Mexico, whom I had not seen for fifteen years!

We traveled over the Rio Grande Western, passing through Grand Cañon, and arrived in Pueblo, Colorado, about two o'clock; it is a great railroad center and has many iron factories in operation.

The next morning we continued our journey, passing through the Raton tunnels. Arriving in New Mexico, we saw some villages that are creditable, but the Mexican huts have flat roofs and no windows in them. We stopped at Albuquerque for supper, and left that night on the train.

At Los Vegas there are some creditable buildings. We passed through a country well adapted for stock raising, and arrived at El Paso, a live city in the western extremity of Texas. Here are some very fine buildings, particularly the Court House. The following morning we crossed the Rio Grande river over a long bridge (via the street car line) into Mexico.

Here our valises were searched by Mexican officials, after which we took the train for Colonia, Dublan. The country here is very open and level, with a few mountains in the distance.

About 5 o'clock p. m., on the 21st of October, we arrived at Dublan, where there was a joyful meeting with my daughter. At Dublan there is an excellent site for a large city, the only drawback being the scarcity of water late in the season. This difficulty will be overcome by reservoirs.

The latter part of October I went to Juarez, about eighteen miles distant, with my daughter and some of the family. Here I attended a meeting of the Primary Association under the able management of Sister Maggie Ivins Bentley, and also visited the Sunday School, under the superintendency of Miles A. Romney. We were

kindly treated by the Saints and hospitably entertained at the homes of Presidents A. W. Ivins and Henry Eyring, Bishop Joseph Bentley and others, and met with many friends, among them Sister Elizabeth Snow, who is spending the winter with her daughter in this delightful climate. I had the pleasure of attending a party in honor of Elder James Sconson, a returned missionary, and had an enjoyable time.

On Thursday I returned to Dublan with Sister Mary P. Eyring, the president of the Relief Society of Juarez Stake, and met with the Relief Society of Dublan. Many excellent testimonies were borne of the Gospel. There is a good people here.

On December 2nd Sister Elizabeth Claridge McCune met with the Young Ladies' Association, and a spiritual feast was enjoyed.

On December 21st I left Dublan on the return trip to Salt Lake City. The weather was cold and stormy, and after traveling some distance we found the ground covered with snow. On the train I overheard a conversation between a sporting man from New York City and a Western man. The New Yorker was asking about game, and was told that there was plenty of game in the mountains, and that he could hire a good hunter to accompany him for six dollars a day, which he seemed perfectly willing to pay. He was anxious to kill mountain lion, and such game. He said he did not like pork, and thinking he could not get any other kind of meat in Colorado and New Mexico, he had shipped some beef from the East for his own benefit. When informed that he could get any kind of meat he wanted, he seemed surprised, and said the people would have the laugh on him.

The return trip was a pleasant one, the trains making close connections and a quick trip was made, arriving in Salt Lake on Sunday morning, December 24. I was accompanied on the journey home by Elder William Clayson, who was on his way to the Eastern States on a mission.

ANN C. WOODBURY.

REORGANIZATION.

At the ward conference of the Forest Dale Ward of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion, held Tuesday, October 22, 1899, the reorganization of the Relief Society of that ward was affected, Mrs. Louise Stevenson being elected and set apart to fill the vacancy caused by the death of President Cornelia Driggs.

President Louise Stevenson selected for her counselors Mrs. Agnes Young and Mrs. Ella Love. Mrs. Agnes Rimmel was elected secretary, Della Young assistant secretary, and Mrs. Litha Hendry treasurer.

INSIDE THE AMERICAN CUSTOM HOUSE.

Editor *Woman's Exponent*:

The present Congress has before it the greatest question that has come up for settlement since the close of the Civil War or is likely to come before it for centuries.

The American people are in possession of Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines. What shall we do with them?

"Give them up," cry the Anti-Imperialists. "Govern them as subject Colonies," cry the imperialists. "Organize them as Territories," say those who believe in the

principles that have made our country great, prosperous and happy.

Give to Hawaii, Porto Rico and Luzon, all of them civilized communities, the same kind and measure of home rule that we give to New Mexico. Give to each a local Legislature, elected by all inhabitants who will take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and who possess reasonable qualifications of age, residence, education and property, irrespective of race or sex. Bring each of these communities inside the American customhouse, establishing with it precisely the same reciprocal freedom of trade as exists between Kansas and Oklahoma, or between Massachusetts and Florida. Each of these Territorial Legislatures should have the right to enact local laws, subject to Congressional veto when necessary; each should elect a delegate to sit in the House of Representatives without a vote, like the delegates of New Mexico, Oklahoma and Arizona; each should have a Governor and a Judiciary appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the U. S. Senate; each should have unrestricted commerce with all other parts of our country.

This condition of affairs would bring, alike to ourselves and to these new possessions, an unparalleled agricultural prosperity—a free interchange of temperate and tropical products, upon a scale hitherto unknown, at prices mutually beneficial—a permanent and increasing market for American manufactures—a continuous field of investment for American enterprise—and a commerce such as no nation has ever before enjoyed. This natural commerce between the Temperate and Torrid zones would create a fleet of American vessels not dependent upon subsidies for prosperity, and would vastly enlarge the traffic upon our railroads, canals, and lake and river steamers. Our flour, beef, pork, mutton, cattle, hay, wheat, corn, oats and dairy products, our cotton and linen goods, machinery, agricultural tools, hardware, coal, petroleum, lumber, building material, and a thousand articles of comfort, taste and luxury, would be freely exchanged for sugar, tobacco, tea, coffee, chocolate, rice, india rubber, mahogany, hemp, jute, spices and tropical fruits, all of which would be supplied at far lower prices than now prevail. Compared with these widely diffused benefits to consumers, the loss of sugar duties, the opposition of sugar trusts and the outcry of a few would-be monopolists of tobacco and oranges are insignificant indeed!

Moreover, it would secure in our new possessions permanent loyalty to the flag, and universal satisfaction based upon general propriety and enlightened self-interest. It would bring about an eventual unity of language, laws, manners and institutions with our own. The only way to govern wisely these now alien communities is to enable them to govern themselves as Territories under Congressional supervision.

This course should be adopted at once by common consent of both the great political parties of the country. The Republican party, having now the control of all departments of the National government, can organize the new possessions as self-governing Territories and secure thereby continual National supremacy. If it refuse or fail to do so, at the behest of hostile trusts and monopolies, it will give the Democratic party a National issue upon which eventual victory will be as certain as sun-

rise. The only cure for the present discontent of these new possessions, the only condition upon which "benevolent assimilation" can be effected, is their admission to our continental system of unrestricted domestic free trade inside the American custom-house. "Home rule for our new Territories" should be the watchword of 1900, and will become the settled principle of the Twentieth Century.

HENRY BLACKWELL.

Dorchester, Jan. 1900.

MEXICO CONFERENCE NOTES.

The Relief Society Conference of the Juarez Stake of Zion was held at Colonia, Juarez, Mexico, October 22, 1899, President Mary B. Eyring presiding.

There were present of the Priesthood, Stake President A. W. Ivins, Counselor Eyring, Patriarchs W. R. R. Stowell and James H. Martineau, Bishops and many others.

The congregation sang "Do what is right." Opening prayer by Henry Eyring. Singing, "Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah."

After minutes of the former conference were read, reports of local branches were given by officers or delegates who had traveled in teams over mountain roads to attend the conference, receive instructions and report the condition of the society.

There are seven organizations of the Relief Society here, each was represented as doing well, which is very gratifying to know.

The storing of grain and other articles of food, such as beans, dried fruits, etc., was one of the leading subjects of the conference. The members are liberal in donating to the society, consequently the poor are well cared for.

The visiting teachers were advised to talk on some principles of the Gospel, and not to indulge in idle gossip.

President Mary B. Eyring was thankful that all the branches had been reported. Testified that if we are willing to do our duties as members of the Relief Society, we will enjoy the spirit of the Lord. The Lord has blessed us and increased our comforts. If we are true mothers at home, we are true members of the Relief Society.

President Henry Eyring urged the sisters to study the Spanish language, as missionaries will be needed to instruct the people of this land in the near future.

There were many other speakers and each gave good instructions. The general and local officers of the society were unanimously sustained in the usual way.

The officers of this Stake of Zion are Mary B. Eyring, president; Cynthia J. Stowell, first counselor; Ellen Lunt, second counselor; Sarah A. Clayson, secretary.

SARAH A. CLAYSON, Sec.

R. S. REPORTS.

MARICOPA STAKE.

The Maricopa Stake Relief Society conference was held at the Mesa Relief Society hall, December 21, 1899, with Counselor F. Robson presiding.

Present of the Priesthood were Stake Counselor Henry C. Rogers and several others of the brethren.

Meeting opened with the usual exercises. Counselor F. E. Robson felt lonely in the

absence of our beloved president, who was detained on account of the serious illness of her daughter.

Reports from each ward were favorable, and those who attended felt well in the Gospel.

We had visiting with us Dr. Ellis R. Shipp, of Salt Lake City, who is a member of the General Board of the Relief Society. She expects soon to commence teaching a class in obstetrics and nursing in this Stake of Zion.

We had a visit recently from Elder L. J. Nuttall, who reorganized the Relief Society under parliamentary rules, and many sisters joined, all wanted to take part with renewed diligence. The instructions were chiefly on the law of tithing and the education of the sisters in obstetrics, hygiene, the care of children and the sacredness of motherhood.

The meeting adjourned with the feeling that we never had had a better conference.

ANNA E. FULLER, Sec.

SAN LUIS.

The Relief Society conference of the San Luis Stake was held in Sanford, Conejos Co., Colorado, on November 10, 1899, President Cornelia Mortensen presiding.

The choir sang "Earth with her ten thousand flowers." Prayer by Brother Harmon Christensen. Singing, "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire."

President C. Mortensen said she felt grateful for this opportunity.

The roll of Stake officers and ward members was called and minutes of previous conference read and approved. The choir sang "Come, come ye Saints."

Sister M. Sellers, of Manassa, Sister P. E. Cullers, of Mountain View, Sister M. E. Hamil, of Morgan, and Sister M. A. Berthelsen, of Sanford, all gave reports of their respective wards. The sisters were united, had good attendance and held their meetings regularly. They all expressed a desire to do their duties.

Brother Molten, from Utah, addressed the conference a short time. He said: "If we have the spirit of God with us, the labors in the Church are a pleasure and a living testimony of Jesus Christ, and the Gospel is more to be desired than anything else."

Sister Dollie Russell, of Antonito, spoke a short time upon the duties of sisters in the Relief Society.

Singing, "How firm a foundation."

By request a special prayer was offered by Brother George Irvin, in behalf of the sick and afflicted among us.

Sister Margaret Haskell, of Manassa, said, "I feel to bear my testimony that the spirit of God is with us. I believe a spirit of reformation is among the Latter-day Saints. God has spoken from heaven, and His work is established on earth. I would ask the sisters, in behalf of the Primary, to send their children to meetings, and teach them at home."

Singing, "Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation." Benediction by Brother Hugh L. Sellers.

Afternoon session opened by the choir singing "We thank Thee, O God, for a prophet." Prayer by Bishop W. O. Crowther. Singing, "The time is nigh, that happy time."

The General and Stake officers of the Relief Society, were presented and sustained, also statistical and financial re-

port for the year 1898 read by the Stake Secretary.

Sisters M. Showcroff, of Richfield, and E. Dunn, of Eastdale, gave reports of their respective branches; said they were doing well.

Counselor Magdaline Funk spoke briefly on duties of mothers, tithing and storing of grain.

General President Cornelia Mortensen gave a report of her visit to the Relief Society conference in Salt Lake City, in October. She told us many of the instructions that had been given, and said there was a rich flow of the spirit of God. President Zina D. H. Young had spoken to the sisters in tongues.

Counselor Sarah J. Hostetter addressed the conference a short time on the subject of the two powers, good and evil. She said when we would do good, evil was ever present.

Sister Loretta Petersen bore her testimony to having been healed in the Salt Lake Temple, by being baptized for her health.

Stake Counselor Thomas A. Crowther encouraged the sisters in their many duties in the Relief Society, and in training their children in the ways of truth.

Conference was adjourned for six months.

The choir sang "High on the mountain top." Benediction by Brother Lars Mortensen.

MARY F. CROWTHER,
Stake Secretary, R. S.

A reception was given by President Cornelia Mortensen, December 27, 1899, at her home. All the Stake presidency of the Relief Society, also the presidency of Sanford Ward and Primary Association were invited guests, together with other noted friends. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent visiting and exchanging greetings of the season.

A very interesting program of songs, select readings, recitations, etc., was rendered, after which all partook of the bounties and luxuries of this earth, that had been prepared in a way to deserve compliment and praise from all present, by our loving president.

About 6 p. m. all wended their way home, with thankful hearts for the privilege of associating with friends under such favorable circumstances.

I hope we may enjoy many more such gatherings.

M. F. C.

OBITUARY.

HARRIET H. KELSEY.

Sister Harriet Huggett Kelsey was born in Lovell Heath, England, June 6, 1825, and died in Springville, Utah, December 22, 1899.

As a child she grew up seeing all her wishes gratified. At an early age she went to live with her sister. Here she saw life among the aristocracy. One day, hearing that the "Mormons" were going to hold a meeting, she went, as many another had done, out of curiosity. She was impressed by what she heard and proceeded to investigate. She was scoffed at by her sister and friends, and it was only by fasting and prayer that she overcame the difficulties and was baptized by Elisha Davis in 1841. She did all in her power to assist the Elders and aid the Church in any way.

In 1852 she met William H. Kelsey, a traveling Elder, and they were married at Norwood Church on September 27 of the same year.

Early in the year 1861 she, with her husband and three little children, left England for America. The voyage was long and tedious, as was also the

trip across the plains; and although Sister Kelsey was in delicate health, she never murmured at her lot. They arrived in Springville late in the fall of 1861, and have since resided here.

Sister Kelsey worked in the Relief Society for thirteen years as second counselor to Ann Bringhurst. She was a woman of great faith and often visited the sick, leaving a blessing with them. She leaves four children, three daughters and one son.

Sister Kelsey departed this life as peacefully as a little child going to sleep.

ZEBINA ALLEMAN,
President Second Ward R. S.
Springville, January 19, 1900.

DEATH OF ELLEN CLEGG.

Grandma Clegg, as she was familiarly known, passed to the great beyond to reap the reward of the just, October 30, 1899, and was laid to rest in the Heber City cemetery, November 1.

The service was held in the Stake Tabernacle. It was one of the largest processions ever seen in Heber City; it extended half a mile.

The two Relief Society branches of Heber City headed the procession, followed by the Young Ladies and Primary children. At the Tabernacle some two hundred children passed by the remains, and deposited their tribute of flowers on the lid of the casket, which became literally covered.

The service commenced with the usual exercises of song and prayer. Bishop John Watkins and Albert Jones were the first two speakers. They both crossed the plains in Edward Martin's handcart company with the deceased and her family. All the speakers eulogized the sterling qualities of the deceased.

Sister Clegg embraced the Gospel in her native country. She was one of the early pioneers of this valley and passed through the many hardships of early days and poverty, going through without a murmur. She was a midwife here for a great many years, going among the sick whenever called.

Jonathan and Ellen Clegg had lived together sixty-three years in wedded life, respected and beloved by all. Her memory will ever be held dear to the people of this valley. She leaves behind her a husband, a host of children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and friends unnumbered to cherish her memory.

COM.

FROM PATH TO PATH.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A FEW YEARS.

When we meet with a face, the features of which remind us of some one whom we have seen or known, we think it is very much like our experiences; for if the faces that we think are similar were placed together, we would at once see that they were not exactly alike. So it is with events in our lives; while there is much sameness, there are also some differences which make the hearing of them or the reading of them all the more interesting. Believing this to be the case, I thought it might not be out of place to write some things that have happened during my life, and that not many years ago.

I like to hear how this one and that one became a Mormon, so I will now relate how I became a Mormon, or how I became a full-fledged Mormon, as our missionary, Elder Bennion, once said to me.

To commence my story. When I arrived at the age of twenty, I left my native island (Guernsey) with my sister and two brothers to cross the ocean in a steamer called *Bremen*, going to America, where I had a few relatives who lived in Newark, New Jersey. After residing there four years we heard of land in Kansas, so we concluded to go West, to try our fortunes in the land of Uncle Sam. We arrived in the west part of Kansas (which is now called St. John) in time to put in an early spring crop. We had been there but a short time when our nearest neighbor, who lived over a mile from us, came over in great haste one day with some very im-

portant news, and before going on with my story, I want to say that I was entirely ignorant of the people claiming to be Latter-day Saints, and I believe many are at the present time, even though living but a few miles from where our Elders have visited; and I believe this opposition now stirring will cause many to inquire of them and our doctrine.

Well, this neighbor came over to tell us that a colony of people called Mormons was coming to settle among us, and he seemed to regret it very much, because he believed them to be a very bad people, and thought we ought to unite with our far away neighbors and see what we could do to prevent them colonizing. However, as he saw this piece of news did not put fear into us, he did not stay long, not being satisfied with the effect the information had produced.

After he had gone my husband said to me, "I wonder if they are any worse than he is? If so, God pity us."

This man was very profane and seemed to have no fear of God or a hereafter, and had it not been for his good wife and three dear little children I could hardly have reconciled myself to my lonely condition, especially when the week was ended and Sunday came. We had always been in the habit of attending meeting and Sunday School, I having taught in the Methodist Sunday School ever since I was sixteen years of age. Therefore, we had, since our arrival, had to content ourselves with reading such books as we had brought with us.

It was not more than a few weeks after receiving this news, that my husband said one evening, "I believe I'll run down to the new camp and have a look around." So after clearing away supper, and putting our little girl baby to bed—for at this time I had been married two years—I waited patiently to hear the report of our new neighbors. I did not have to wait many hours before he brought all the information he could in so short an acquaintance. However, he had found them to be a very respectable looking company, clean and tidy, working like clockwork, all apparently in harmony. They had already, he said, built a house all but the plastering, and had moved into it. This house was for their blacksmith, who was the only man who had as yet brought his family, the others had left their wives and children in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and they were to come later.

Finding out that their teams were going to town the next day, my husband asked if he could go with them, as one of our team was lame, and the distance was considerable, twenty-eight miles. This gave him an opportunity to get acquainted with of the leading men, with whom he conversed considerably going and coming, their chief topic of conversation being on religion. He proved that they believed that the one who had organized their Church claimed to be a prophet, and had been visited by an angel, so they said. This surprised me very much and I wondered why, if since they claimed to be Christians, the name Mormon was not found in the list of orthodox religions.

However, when the next Sunday came my husband said he thought he would go and hear them preach, as they were going to hold meeting in the new house and they had invited him to come and hear them. To this I agreed on condition that if they preached from the Bible I would accompany

him on the next Sunday. We both continued to go and hear them preach because it seemed more like home to go to meeting again, although what we heard somewhat disturbed our peace, and our first impression was that they were a little bigoted as they passed the sacrament without allowing us to partake of it.

Another thing that disturbed us was that they proved from the Bible that infant baptism was wrong, and that baptism by immersion was right. This caused us to look around and think that we must be investigating, consequently many a midnight hour found us pondering over the scriptures, but I regret to say, that for awhile our motives were more for criticism than for obtaining truth. However, one day some of my grandfather's words came to my mind. When asked by a friend if he thought one could go insane by reading scripture, he said, "No, not if they read it in a prayerful spirit. If they read it that way it will give them consolation."

After I had pondered over my father's words I knelt down and asked aid of my Heavenly Father, that I might be led in the right path, and that if the people were right I might see it and follow the true light, even if it was to the giving up of all the teachings I had heretofore received.

Before going any further with my story it might be well to explain what faction of Saints these were. The leader was one William Bickersten, who had been at one time baptized in Pennsylvania, by Sydney Rigdon, who was the leader of that Church after the death of our beloved Prophet Joseph. When Sydney Rigdon died, this William Bickersten claimed to receive a revelation to reorganize the Church in its purity. Later on it seems he received another revelation to gather to Kansas. That is how they came to this dry, barren place, where we experienced many losses through draught. The Lord did not seem to smile on this gathering, for many had to at last mortgage and leave for other parts, till at length fifteen years rolled by and then there arose a dispute in the Church, the members taking sides with another leader, William Cadman.

Now, there were two sides, as we used to call them, each claiming to be the true Church, each having a head. The teachers of each side visited us and warned us not to support the other side, as each had cut the other off from the Church. Well, I thought this was an awful state of things and we concluded to remain with the original head, and as he claimed revelation had placed him there, we thought it but reasonable that revelation ought to cast him out, and this they had not claimed to receive.

(To be continued.)

LANTERN LECTURE.

On Tuesday evening, November 28, an interesting lecture, illustrated by innumerable limelight views, was given in the Town Hall, by Elder Ezra T. Stevenson, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The hall was comfortably filled by an interested audience, not a few Maoris from the Te Aroha Pah being among those present. The pictures were well produced and the lecture listened to attentively. A great many of those present left the hall with a much healthier view of Mormonism than they previously had.—*Te Aroha and Ohinemuri News.*

NOTES.

ONE often hears parents deplore the fact that their children have not the same opportunities which they had of learning to be useful in the home. Is it so much, though, that opportunities for usefulness do not exist, as that they are not embraced? If the members of the family, each according to his ability, took some share of the household work and responsibility, the mother could more easily find some hours of freedom for herself, the servant question would be less pressing, and the strain of meeting expenses of the family diminished. Then, since it is acknowledged that childhood is the best time to learn to do things with the hands, why ask for manual training in schools and shut it out of the home? Can there be any better way of giving men and women a sense of obligation to society than by teaching them early that they owe some service to the family? And, if we wish to show others that we respect labor and believe in helping each other, must we not show it in our example in our households? We suggest that you consider how, under modern conditions, children may be made helpful in the household.—*Ex.*

OLIVE SCHREINER, in a letter published in a late number of Mr. William T. Stead's *War Against War in South Africa* expresses her acute grief over the present war. She says: "Oh, the people in England have not understood, they have not understood! There is a time coming, a terrible awakening when they understand what they have done. Our gallant, heroic Transvaals are dying, and brave English soldiers are falling, and the miserable hordes of blood-suckers and money-makers are quietly in hiding, to come out when the war is over to dig their claws into our hearts. War is a terrible thing; but when it is undertaken in the service of wealth, and to crush freedom, it is hell. If England could but see in time that Chamberlain is undermining the foundations of the Empire, the true Empire of which South Africans have dreamed, which shall be a great confederacy of the nations, not crushed beneath her heel, but bound to her by indissoluble ties of love and sympathy! Chamberlain is stabbing the heart of the British Empire."—*Ex.*

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No. 4	The "Atlantic Express" for Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver	6 40 p.m.

Arrive Salt Lake City.

No. 5	The "Fast Mail" from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City	3 00 p.m.
No. 1	The "Overland Limited" from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver	3 00 p.m.
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Time Table in Effect October 15, 1899.

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ARRIVE:

From Ogden, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis and Denver	3:30 a.m.
From Ogden, Portland, Butte, Helena and San Francisco	9:05 a.m.
*From Milford, Sanpete, Provo and Intermediate points	9:35 a.m.
From Ogden, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver and San Francisco	3:00 p.m.
**From Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus	4:00 p.m.
From Tintic and Mercur	6:30 p.m.
Cache Valley Express, from Preston, Logan, Ogden and intermediate points	6:40 p.m.
From Ogden, Butte, San Francisco and intermediate points	7:50 p.m.

DEPART.

For Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, St. Louis and Cache Valley	7:00 a.m.
For Tintic and Mercur	7:55 a.m.
**For Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus	7:45 a.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland and intermediate points	9:45 a.m.
For Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, St. Louis and San Francisco	11:45 a.m.
*For Provo, Sanpete, Milford and intermediate points	5:30 p.m.
For Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis and Chicago	6:40 p.m.
For Ogden, Butte, San Francisco and intermediate points	8:45 p.m.

*Trains south of Juab do not run Sundays.
**Daily except Sunday.

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The Ballot in the Hands of the Women of Utah should be a Power to better the Home, the State and the Nation.

Vol. 28.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, FEBRUARY 15 & MARCH 1, 1900.

Nos. 18 & 19.

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SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

February 15, 1820

February 15, 1900.

LOVES ROSARY.

Come let us tell upon Love's rosary
With years for beads—eight decades in the chain—
The record of a life's true history,
Its joy and grief, its pleasure and its pain.

Within the first decade a little child
Love-welcomed lived within a happy home;
And from a well of home-joy undefiled,
Wise lessons drew for all the years to come.

She learned to love the quiet Quaker gray;
She learned the sweet inflections that belong
To Quaker speech; the "Thee" and "Thou" they
say;
The gentle conscience that can do no wrong.

The second decade saw her at the post
Of duty, teaching, that she might relieve
Her father's burden. Since then what a host
Have learned of her to think first, then believe.

'Twas then she saw her father's noble way
Of setting principles above mere gain;
No liquor would he sell; no taxes pay
To government that justified war's stain.

With these great lessons she learned humbler ones;
The sweet home duties that the home endears;
To cook, to sew, to weave the thread that runs
Home-joys throughout the fabric of the years.

Within the third decade the world's great need
Knocked loud upon the door of her great heart;
She yearned toward the oppressed; no race or
creed
But in that wealth of sympathy had part.

The fourth decade she entered public life;
She heard above all else the cry of slaves;
"Come, break our chains!" No sound of drum
or fife
Could drown that cry, re-echoed from the graves.

"No compromise!" her daring voice proclaimed,
"Emancipation, unconditional—now!"
Fearless she faced great mobs—jeered at, defamed;
Yet gentle peace was ever on her brow.

This same decade bestowed the best of gifts—
Comrades and friends like those the bards have
sung;
Pure, noble, filled with passion such as lifts
The worker, and impels the pen and tongue.

Lucretia Mott, great leader of the band;
Of Quaker birth—a preacher, heaven inspired;
Gentle yet strong, and fitted to command;
Radiant in beauty, and with ardor fired.

Stanton came next, with brilliant, noble face,
And splendid gift of glorious eloquence;
And Lucy Stone, whose sweet and gentle grace
Brought even enemies to her defense.

Mott, Stanton, Stone and Anthony; what names
To bear aloft for pure nobility;
The while each voice with gratitude proclaims:
"They gave to us our Woman's Century!"

The fifth decade saw some dreams coming true;
This great association chose to stand
For Woman Suffrage; 'twas its founders' due
That name and deed its great work should ex-
pand.

The sixth, seventh, eighth—let us not separate;
Her work went on with added power and joy,
Her boundless courage nothing could abate,
No pain could daunt, no failure could annoy.

Here are three beads apart from all the rest,
Yet hung upon our golden rosary;
And who shall say which one of them is best,—
For they are Faith and Hope and Charity.

This pearl is Faith,—reward of earnest quest;
The turquoise, Hope, is ever in her sight;
The topaz, Charity, lies on her breast;
And over all Love's moonstone sheds its light.

These are the reliquaries—memories they;
Some dark with pain that racked the very soul;
Some bright with self-sacrifice that may
Mean joy unspeakable, but never dole.

Here is the Cross—ah me! the heavy cross!
It speaks of disappointments multiplied;
Of work defeated, and the bitter loss
Perchance of hopes for which she fain had died.

We've told our beads—the annals of a life
To others given. Now let us look abroad
And see, amid the record of the strife,
If we behold her adequate reward.

These years so freely given to the cause
She made her own, have radiated far;
In evolution there can be no pause;
The circles vibrate past the horizon's bar.

In the great cauldron of experience
Her thoughts and deeds and words were stirred,
until
The world drew from the seethings a true sense
Of woman's rights, untrammelled by man's will.

Today we know man's life is incomplete
Unless the woman close beside him stand,
Sharing his interests—for this is meet;
It is as God ordained and nature planned.

The perfect whole, poet and seer conceive
Inclusive of both parts; who could desire
A world by woman ruled? Do we believe
A man-ruled world is even an atom higher?

No! man and woman for the sake of truth
And love must join; then seer and poet's voice;
"Here is the fountain of eternal youth!"
Shall cry; and future nations shall rejoice.

Behold our Queen! Surely with heart elate
At homage given to her love and power;
World-famed, associate of the wise and great,—
She is herself the woman of the hour!

Priestess of righteousness without pretense;
Her greatness shielded by simplicity;
Justice and mercy join in her strong sense
Of service owing to humanity.

How kindly have the years all dealt with her!
She proves the Bible promises are true;
She waited on the Lord without demur,
And He failed not her courage to renew.

Oft on the wings of eagles she uprose;
On mercies errands have her glad feet run;
And yet no sign of weariness she shows;
She does not faint, but works from sun to sun.

Deep in her eyes burn fires of purpose strong;
Her hand upholds the scepter of God's truth;
Her lips send forth brave words against the wrong
Glow in her heart the joy of deathless youth.

Kindly and gentle; learned, too, and wise;
Lover of home and all the ties of kin;
Gay comrade of the laughing lips and eyes;
Give us new words to sing your praises in!

Yet let us rather now forget to praise,
Remembering only the true friend to greet,
As drawing near by straight and devious ways,
We lay our hearts—Love's guerdon—at her feet

Blow, O ye winds, across the oceans, blow!
Go to the hills and prairies of the West!
Haste to the tropics,—search the fields of snow;—
Let the world's gift to her become your quest!

Shine sun through prism of the waterfall,
And build us here a rainbow arch to span
The years, and hold the citadel
Of her abiding work for God and man.

What is the gift, O winds, that ye have brought?
O sun, what legend shines your arch above?
Ah! they are one, and all things else are naught!
Take them, beloved—they are love, love, love!
LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD.

A DAY IN CONCORD.

A day in Concord! What a train of
pleasant recollections this brings before my
mind. The task is indeed a heavy one,
that of picturing to my listeners one of the
most enjoyable days of my recent Eastern
visit, and I feel my inability to give even a
faint idea of this beautiful city.

The first of May dawned happy for us
and we early completed our arrangements
for our contemplated trip. I, with four of
the other girls, boarded a car early in the
day and soon found ourselves at the station,
from which point we started on our jour-
ney. The first feature is to procure a
guide book, which is hastily scanned as we
progress on our line of march. When we
reach Concord one of our number secures a
three seated carriage, and with a well in-
formed driver we resign ourselves to the
pleasures of the day.

As we drive down the quaint streets of
this home-like little town, the many notable
places connected with the struggle for inde-
pendence are pointed out to us. Here is
the old Barrett house, which was ransacked
by the British soldiers in the hope that they
would find stores of gunpowder, which
were supposed to have been concealed by
Colonel Barrett. Near it stands the Lee
farm, where the Howard students held
their sessions while their buildings were
occupied by Revolutionary soldiers. The old
Wright tavern, in which, on the morning
of April 19th, Major Pitcairn boastingly
stated that he would win the day, occupies
a prominent position on Main Street. The
meeting place of the first Provincial Con-
gress is pointed out on a lot adjoining the
Wright tavern, while directly opposite this
place we see the Old Hill burying ground,
where the first settlers lived, and where
also the old powder house stood.

Shall we now drive to the scene of battle?
As we approach the spot that seems so calm
and peaceful, we gaze on the monuments
placed on either side of the river, and as
we read the words inscribed thereon our
minds are filled with horror at the thought
of the terrible conflict. We seem to see the
brave men rouse at the word of their com-
mander and follow the order of him whose
word is law. As they advance, the
of Pitcairn seems about to be real
what can be expected in so unequal
gle? We see the terrible
deadly volley which is pro-
ranks of the minute men;
ment afterward see Mai-
into the air with the in

fellow soldiers; for God's sake fire." As they readily respond to his call, two of the British fall and the remaining number make a disorderly retreat. Cheer upon cheer rise to the lips of our brave men and we see the unsurpassed statue of the Minute Man facing the spot where success first crowned resistance to an unyielding foe. We will follow them in their retreat to Merriam's Corner, where they face about and attempt to regain their lost ground. It is of no avail, however, and they are driven under fire from the Concord men to Charlestown.

We have been living in a military atmosphere, but let us now for a few moments partake of the literary spirit with which this place abounds. It is this same spot which for years was the home of many of our most charming writers. The names of Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne and Thoreau are so closely connected with the place that we seldom hear the name of Concord without having the image of one of these persons brought before our minds.

As we drive out Lexington road we come to a large square building which we are told was the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It is a beautiful place in a setting of pine trees. This was always a center for the many bright minds of the age, and the intellectual influence of the place seems to carry us into a world beyond our own. Some distance farther down the road we see Orchard House, which was the home for many years of one of the dearest women who ever lived—Louisa M. Alcott. Why is it that every girl's heart thrills when she hears that name? Need I ask such a question? Here we can see her with her sister in their perfect enjoyment of home life. Their trials were, perhaps, as heavy as any of us have to bear, but how nobly they were overcome! and afterwards the enjoyment of perfect happiness followed as the just reward.

It was here that Mr. Alcott established his School of Philosophy, and the Hillside Chapel, standing but a short distance from the Orchard House, was the annual meeting place. Adjoining the place on the left we see the Wayside which was owned and occupied by Nathaniel Hawthorne during the latter part of his life. A restful quiet seems to hang over the place, and we can easily imagine this wonderful man sending forth his best efforts from such a spot.

The Old Manse occupies a position on the Concord river, in a lot closely connected with the old battlefield. It is especially dear to the hearts of Hawthorne's admirers for his charming set of sketches, which takes its name from this place.

Henry Thoreau spent the greater part of his life in Concord. Here he was given ample scope for the fulfillment of his desire to spend a great deal of his life in the study of nature. The result of this withdrawal from human companionship and devotion to nature and wild life is given in *Walden, or Life in the Woods*.

Our trip to Concord would indeed be considered incomplete without a visit to the famous Wayside Inn in which so many renowned people have been entertained. A most pleasing description has been given of our own dear poet, Longfellow, in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

Will now make our way to Sleepy Hollow, where lie the mortal remains of these valued contributors to literature. As we ascend the hill

at the top of which we expect to find the graves we seek, no sound breaks the stillness and our conversation is carried on in hushed voices for fear of disturbing the silence which hangs over the spot. In close succession we pass the graves of Thoreau, Hawthorne, Mr. and Mrs. Alcott and their brave "Little Woman," and Emerson, each grave being marked by a suitable headstone. We feel, indeed, that no more fitting locality could be chosen for a last resting place, after the cares and sorrows of life, than this quiet peaceful spot.

E. H. C.

ELIZABETH PIXTON.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I was born at Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, England, on the 8th day of February, 1820. My parents names were John and Charlotte Cooper. There were five children of us, four girls and one boy. I was the third, a boy and a girl being older than myself. We were among the class known as poor people, and, therefore, I had little or no schooling and was expected, as soon as I was able, to add my mite to our support.

My mother died when I was about six years old, and you all know what home becomes without a mother. My father continued to keep house for about three years, then the home was broken up and the family divided among our relatives. I was sent to live with my grandmother, until I was about thirteen years old, then lived with an aunt for about two years as a nurse girl. Afterwards I went out to service, and continued there until I was nineteen years old.

During my service I became acquainted and kept company with Robert Pixton, and we were married on May 5th, 1839. On the 8th of February, 1840, my first baby, Charlotte, was born, and we got along very nicely until my husband got the American fever. He felt disposed to go to Canada, but being acquainted with Brother Bateman he finally went with the Latter-day Saints, and sailed away on the 21st of September, 1841.

This was a sore trial to me, and I lost my second baby, named George, a week after my husband left. I now took a situation as wet nurse in a good family. I received seven dollars a week wages and had a very comfortable home. I stayed there until October 21, 1843, when I left my native land to join my husband.

We left in the good ship *Champion*. From Liverpool our voyage lasted six weeks and three days; a pleasant voyage as compared with some of those days although we were becalmed for four days. But the end came and we landed at New Orleans.

The ship company allowed us to live and stay on board for several days, until the boat was ready which was to take us up the river, where we were met by my husband on December 23, 1843, at Island 69, in the State of Kansas. Brother Pixton was accompanied by Brother Thomas Silcock, who had also come to meet his wife, for we had been companions all the way from Liverpool.

We stayed at Island 69 that winter, and lived in a blacksmith shop, and in the spring we started up the Mississippi river to Nauvoo, where we arrived safe and sound. We bought a half acre of land of William Blackhurst, and built a brick room.

This was our first real estate, and our first home. Brother Pixton after building our house worked on the Temple until the death of the Prophet Joseph, and whilst here we had our endowments in the Temple.

We stayed in Nauvoo until the spring of 1846, when Brother Pixton drove some teams up the country for President Brigham Young. He came back for me in May and we moved to Mount Pisgah. At this time and previously a call had been made upon Brigham Young for a company of the brethren to tramp across the continent and assist in the war in Mexico, and my husband among others volunteered to go. He left me at Pisgah and started off in what is known as the Mormon Battalion.

From Pisgah we moved to Winter Quarters or Florence, as it was afterwards called. We passed the winter there, we could scarcely say we lived. I was alone in my old wagon box with my little girl, Charlotte. Another baby boy was born to me there. We called him Helaman, Brother Brigham Young blessed him. He died in about five weeks and was put away with about five hundred more who were buried at Winter Quarters that season.

I was glad when the winter was passed, and in the month of July, 1847, I went down to St. Louis to earn sufficient money for a fit out to take me to Salt Lake. I left my wagon and cattle in the charge of my friends. I stayed in St. Louis until the spring of 1848, when I returned to Winter Quarters and found my yoke of cattle and a yoke of cows and my wagon all right, and we started on May 2, 1848, across the great plains to the Salt Lake valley, driving my own team. I was in Brigham Young's hundred, and the wagon in front of mine was Horace Eldredge's, and the one behind me was William Van Dyke's. I could not work my cows very well, so I let Brother Inman take them to work.

We arrived in Salt Lake City on September 22, 1848, and camped down in the old fort. One week after our arrival a company of the Mormon Battalion arrived. My husband being among the company, we went out to the warm springs to meet them, and, after a parting of over two hard years, we again started life together. We lived in the fort until we got our city lot, when Brother Pixton built us one adobe room and had it finished and moved our few things in. In the morning a great snow fell and it was sixteen weeks before the ground was clear again.

During our residence in Salt Lake City we became very well acquainted with several of the Saints over Jordan, the Bennions, Harkers and others, and in the spring of 1859 we moved to Taylorsville, where we have since resided. My husband died on the 23rd of November, 1881.

In the spring of 1883 I went to England to see relatives and friends, and succeeded in getting a great amount of genealogy, and have ministered the ordinances for a great many relatives and friends.

Today I have living five children, fifty grandchildren, thirty-six great grandchildren, and am eighty years old.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE presided at the reception and dinner of the Authors' Club, at the Vendome, on January 6, and the Marion Osgood Ladies' Orchestra furnished the music.

GOD'S LOVE.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were all the earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

WE'LL ALL TAKE A RIDE.

Our grandfather traveled on horseback,
His rifle slung near to his hand—
'Twas back in the early twenties
When wild creatures swarmed the land.
Our grandmother rode on a pillion,
Her arms around grandfather's waist,
And sometimes they tore through the forest
In rather undignified haste.

Our father rejoiced in a wagon
With thoroughbrace springs of the best,
And mother and children behind him
Like birds cuddled down in a nest.
With buffalo robes tucked around them,
A heated soap-stone at their feet,
They rode to the music of sleigh-bells
When winter was paving the streets.

We call for a soft cushioned carriage,
A phaeton, barouche or coupe,
Ashamed of the style of our fathers.
Ashamed of the wagon and sleigh,
Our children all mounted on "safetys,"
Of various names and designs,
Roll by with a flash and a sparkle
And beg us to "push on the lines."

Our grandchildren—Ah, they will circle,
Like birds, to and fro in the skies;
Will play with the fangs of lightning
And laugh when Earth trembles and sighs;
They never need "wait for the wagon,"
Nor ever be left by the car,
But, mounting like eagles or angels,
May challenge the speediest star.

ISABEL DARLING.

Woman's Tribune.

THE LAKES OF THE WASATCH.

(Read at the U. W. P. C. January 31, 1900.)

Whether in the delicate profusion of the Spring's flowery extravagance, or clothed in the deep, rich green of Summer's foliage, or the gorgeous wealth of Autumnal colors, or buried beneath the snowy silence of Winter, the Wasatch mountains are beautiful, sublime, inspiring; and high up lying in open dells between vast walls, where the earth is intense with insect life and flowery growth, are fairy lakes of mystic depths, held fast in the rugged cradles of these mountain ridges.

Among the deep foliaged ravines the shifting purple shadows fall upon the rifted rocks, and in shafts of sunshine the lofty pines glow with golden green, but in the deepening shadows, dark, mysterious as the closing shades of night. Here, bathed in the breath of the warm, sweet earth nature whispers her secrets and draws from the heart its best and truest emotions. From the sublime heights of Mt. Millicent the lakes of the Wasatch present a wondrous panorama, scattered here and there like silver patches, studded with bright jewels whose scintillating rays toss and play as the sunbeams kiss their surface, but when the mantle of twilight has fallen upon mountain crest and valley, and like a great ball of fire the moon rises, casting weird shadows over massive boulders, silhouetting the pointed pines against the shadowed azure of heaven, and moonbeams dance and twinkle upon miniature waves, 'tis then nature betrays her subtle power, her sublimest efforts.

Silver Lake, nestling soft and tender beneath her overhanging crags, mingles the

moist, fragrant grass upon her margin with the flowery growth, luxuriant in the shadows of the pungent pine. Upon her shimmering surface floats the raft of the patient angler, and floating across the little valley from mountain side to mountain side, are the echoes of the smoking blast and falling rock, the work of the ambitious and hopeful miner. From the border of the lake a steep, threading pathway leads upward along the dizzy, scraggy edge of Evergreen Mountain, in and out by the tumbling brook, up to its crystal source where two peaceful lakes repose, separated only by a grassy, fern-covered knoll, whereon still stands a deserted log cabin, within whose four rough walls one human heart lived out its history of romance and tragedy.

Greatly adding to the attraction of these twin lakes and their surroundings, there are many surprises—marshes and bits of meadow, pebbly beach and rocky shore, high reaching limbs of quaking asp and cedar, of gentian and monk's-hood.

Seen from the narrow ridge above in the near distance is Alta—poor, ill-fated Alta. Hemmed in by precipitous mountains, rising in bleak majesty and clothed with miners' prospects, the little mining camp bears the mark of toil and struggle, of failure and death. Crushed beneath the white silence of relentless winter, rebuilt during the hopeful days of summer, and after struggle and struggle again, at last deserted.

Hence to the left through gorge and glade lies Lake Mary, queen waters of the Wasatch. Rising from her central, subtle depths is a rough hewn island of gray granite, God's own architecture. Here the mountain winds sport with the spray, scattering the cloud mist quivering with brilliant rainbow hues. The lake waters crimsoned on one side with the sunset rays, the other mantled in shadows cold and green. Upon her borders the extremes of nature meet, where the snowdrifts linger through the dreamy summer the mottled granite warms to life and bears the sturdy little buttercup and, too, drawn from nature's choicest chambers, are treasures rare of bud and blossom, moss and fern. Over the turreted little isle, almost sacred in its isolation, clings a gauzy mist like a bridal veil. Spalshing and gurgling through the moss-lined crevices of the broken massive rock above, filters a tiny, musical stream, here a crystal cascade and there gathering strength in a ferny basin, again to leap outward and onward, at length reaching and mingling with the sinking depths of the surrounding waters.

With lingering footsteps one leaves this little scene of enchantment to reach the borders of unpretentious Phoebe Lake. Placid and peaceful she lies, reflecting within her mirror-like depths the downy clouds of heaven's archway, and the trees, hill and mountain side in all their flower-strewn beauty. Farther up and over the highest Wasatch ridge are two companions, Martha and Katherine. Near by the drifted spots of snow remain from year to year, and every whispering breeze breathes of quiet and repose. There the wild cats cry and the mountain call is tossed from hillside to snowy crest, echoed and re-echoed again and yet again.

Lake Katherine, betraying neither source or outlet, with her white, sandy beach, is a miniature Pacific. The little black island standing midway in her waters, like a mimic Hawaii, with her extinct craters and blackened lava.

Scattered among the rocky terraces, and nursed in the lap of peak and tower, surrounded by the bluebell and graceful columbine are lesser lakes, scarcely more than ponds, each with possessions of its own. Among the watery shadows of the little Dog Lake the dogfish sport and play. Lake Solitude is sombre, barren and lonely save for the boom and crash along her crags, echo of the blast from the home of the shining metal. As seen from the summit of Mt. Millicent, the sun slowly sinking behind the flaming mass of scarlet clouds that cluster along the borders of the horizon, the picture is worthy the brush of a master-artist. Could he but paint the reflection of the day as it is caught upon the bosom of those lakes, with the silvery sheen of their burnished waters, it would make his fame undying, his name immortal. The lingering rays lightly and more lightly fondle the miniature billows as if loth to take their parting, but they vanish at length like fairies of some magic past. When night is at hand and the mantle of silence so great, so solemn falls upon the scene, one can but gaze with awe and enchantment and unconsciously must lift the heart heavenward as if to solve the mystery of nature's wonderful, flowery handiwork.

M. A. J. LAMBERT.

A GOOD LETTER.

Snowflake, Arizona, Jan. 23, 1900.

Editor Woman's Exponent:

It has been some time since anything from the Snowflake Stake Relief Society appeared in the columns of your valuable paper, and it is doubtless about time for us to contribute our "mite."

As a rule the society as a whole is fairly well, though some branches are quite small and the members feel isolated. In the forest, where the members usually live at some distance apart, it is very difficult to have a permanent organization. There are some, however, less effected with the moving fever, that are doing a good work.

During the past six months all the branches in the Stake, with one exception, have been visited by the Stake presidency. The officers of the society did not visit Tuba City, as it is such a great distance that it is altogether impossible for women to make the trip alone, hence it is slighted more than it otherwise would be.

The presiding sisters are feeling somewhat lonely, as one of their members, Sister Mary J. West, is now in Utah. She has always been an able and energetic leader, and, of course, her absence is keenly felt; yet our president, Sister Emma S. Smith, is not the kind to be easily discouraged, and she and her counselor, Sister Sarah Driggs, are endeavoring to do all the good in their power.

We have an interest for the leading sisters in this great work, and pray that success will crown their endeavors to do good. We would be pleased indeed if they would make us a visit out here, for we certainly need a little refreshing.

Wishing you every success, I remain,
DELLA F. SMITH, Sec.

Mrs. F. S. Richards, president of the Utah State Council, and Mrs. Lucy A. Clark, delegate, have returned from Washington. Mrs. Richards represented Utah in the convention.

Woman's Exponent.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, Editor and Publisher.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, FEB. 15 & MAR. 1, 1900.

THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH.

On Saturday, March 17, it will be fifty-eight years since the Relief Society (which has now attained such magnificent proportions) was organized in the City of Nauvoo, Illinois. We speak of it as having been organized by President Joseph Smith, but among the prime movers in this direction we may look with a degree of honorable pride to Sisters Sarah M. Kimball and Eliza R. Snow. Sister Kimball and a maiden lady residing with her, made some plans to do benevolent work, and Sister Kimball having a high regard for Sister Snow's judgment and ability, talked it over with her, and it was agreed to speak to the President of the Church of which they were both members. Accordingly Sister Snow did so and he called together those near at hand, brethren and sisters, and organized the Society.

He foresaw and foretold many things concerning it which have since come to pass. What that small beginning has been to the women of Zion, from that day until the present, in the development of activities in many ways, and the awakening of thought and defining of purpose, it is quite impossible to tell in words. What it may do in the great future, to which we look with such earnest hopefulness, remains for us who still live and labor, and the younger women who will enlist in the work, to determine by diligence and enterprise along the lines of higher and nobler aspirations and culture, than the world has yet attained.

That rapid progress is being made by a large number of women in all civilized lands, those who are not blinded by prejudice can plainly see. What has been achieved in the last half century is sufficient guarantee of what the next half century must necessarily be in the ratio of even modest calculation.

Therefore, it seems fitting indeed to celebrate the day when such a movement was inaugurated, and to make it a day memorable in the minds of all who are within reach. That the promoters of this movement "built better than they knew" is easy for us to see who live today and have had the great privilege of reaping where they have sown. It is only proper that each society, however small, commemorate the day, making it such an occasion as seems to them most suitable to their circumstances in the respective locality. One suggestion

might be made, however, that particular respect be shown to the veteran workers in the cause; and that mention be made in some one of the addresses or speeches, of the great advantages the Society has given to its faithful members, and in promoting and inculcating correct principles of life, and of those virtues that ever shine brightest in the human character.

The general instructions given at the conference of the Relief Society, in October, 1898, will still apply to the keeping of the day. It is essential that means be collected in the various branches everywhere for current expenses, and the small sum of ten cents each was decided upon unanimously. No institution great or small can be sustained without money, and it is true that hundreds of thousands of dollars in cash, merchandise and produce has been donated and disbursed during the time since the Society was organized. Many industries and enterprises have been fostered and encouraged for the sole purpose of aiding the destitute, the needy, the sick and afflicted, and to give labor to the unemployed.

Silk culture is one of the branches of industry the Society has aided in various ways, and thousands of trees have been planted and cocoons been raised and reeled and woven, and in some instances spun, etc., houses for meetings and the accommodation of the needy have been built, granaries also in all of the Stakes of Zion. "Have women built them?" some people ask. We answer "Yes, as Solomon built the Temple." We need more of these, more halls to meet in, more granaries for wheat, more mulberry trees, more cocoons, more young ladies to learn the art of reeling silk, and so on, and then we need a house for general purposes, where we can not only assemble for meetings, receptions and lectures, but where we can transact the business pertaining to this great Society, and where we can receive in a suitable manner persons of renown who come from time to time to this wonderful city. We believe the great, the noble and the learned from various nations will yet come here, many have already come and we should prepare for the greater things that the future is sure to bring. As Dickens says, "How can we tell what coming people are aboard the ships that may be sailing to us now from the unknown seas."

At all events, the Society wants a place where records can be kept in safety, and where our sisters who come from a distance can get the information they require for the furtherance of the work in their own locality, where they can meet the general officers and freely talk over and explain matters of importance, or write letters when sojourning here for a time. Club women in many of the large cities have built such places, and our Society is much larger and of greater importance, for it is not only national but international. There is no reason why our light should be hid under a bushel. "Let your light so shine that others may see your good works."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Tuesday, January 6, Mrs. Emily S. Richards, of this city, and Mrs. Lucy A. Clark, of Farmington, started for Washington to attend the convention of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association, and to be present at the birthday celebration of Miss Susan B. Anthony, who will be eighty years old on February 15. Mrs. Richards represents the Utah

State Council of Women as its president, and Mrs. Clark as delegate. Mrs. Richards has attended several conventions in Washington previously, but it is Mrs. Clark's first visit to that city.

THE Stake Secretaries of the Relief Society of the several Stakes of Zion are hereby reminded that a yearly report is expected of them for the general report, from the beginning of the year 1899, January 1st to December 31st, and that the report must be in immediately, in order that the General Secretary may have sufficient time to make a correct report for the April Conference. All branches of the Relief Society not included in Stakes are also requested to send a full report for the year, that a complete report of the entire society may be made, including branches, whether in the United States or other countries, or upon the islands of the sea. Address, Mrs. E. B. Wells, Secretary, Templeton, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mrs. Sophia Sharp and her daughter, Mrs. James E. Jennings, gave a Kensington at the latter's beautiful home on South Temple, on Tuesday, February 6. The rooms were very tastefully decorated, and the ladies, many of them old friends and acquaintances, enjoyed to the utmost the pleasant afternoon. Here, too, there was sport in guessing. A small wax candle had been lighted, and each lady was asked to guess how long it would burn; and a cup was filled with small candy balls and the ladies were asked to guess how many it contained. It was very amusing to hear the guesses made, most of them very wide of the mark. One lady, however, secured the prize and walked away when the party was over carrying the china cup containing the candy. Dainty refreshments were served by young ladies and the conversation at the prettily arranged tea tables was most interesting "over the tea cups." The party was a great success, happiness was depicted on every countenance, and the pleasure was spontaneous and uninter-^{old}rupted.

Thursday, February 1, Mrs. Priscilla P. Jennings and Mrs. Harold Jennings entertained at a Kensington at the former's handsome residence on South Temple. The two ladies received their guests in the spacious hall. About sixty ladies were present. An amusing feature of the afternoon was the guessing contest. A card with ribbon attached was handed to each lady on entering the room, with twenty numbers. These figures represented the twenty pictures that were being handed around, and the one who could tell the largest number of either the name of the picture or the artist was to receive a prize. Mrs. Martha B. Jennings won the prize. The rooms were prettily decorated and flowers were disposed in quaint and elegant vases and the effect was charming. Delicious refreshments were served in most hospitable fashion. Mrs. Jennings is a very genial hostess, one who knows well how to bring the right people together. This is her first entertainment since her return from Europe, where she visited, meantime journeying here and there for two years. A good part of the time was spent in Paris.

THE Woman Suffrage Association may now discuss the question, "Are the men of Kentucky too emotional to take part in politics?"

BIRTHDAY GATHERING.

Tuesday, February 8, 1898, was Sister Elizabeth Pixton's birthday, and the good people of Taylorsville assembled in the meeting house to do honor to the veteran pioneer and noble worker in the interests of Zion.

About three hundred people were present. The hall was beautifully decorated and a variety of flowers, including calla lilies, were on the stand and elsewhere. The sisters had taken great pains to have everything in order for the enjoyment of the guest of honor and her relatives and friends.

A program had been arranged suitable for the day, Brother Archibald Frame conducting the exercises. On the stand were Bishop Heber Bennion and Counselors Wm. Panter and W. H. Haigh, Elder Samuel Bateman and Bishop J. S. Rawlins, Sister Pixton, President Zina D. H. Young, Sisters E. B. Wells, Margaret Spencer and Mary Rawlins.

The choir and congregation sang "Our mountain home so dear." Prayer was offered by Elder Bateman. The hymn "We thank Thee, O God, for a prophet," was sung, after which remarks were made by Bishop Bennion in praise of Sister Pixton's life and good works. He gave some reminiscences of the early settlement of the place that were quite humorous.

Next was instrumental music by Miss Daisie Pixton. Brother Haigh read a sketch of Sister Pixton's life which we publish on another page. Miss Farrell and Laura Pixton sang "After the Din of the Battle is over," etc., and Sister Young, who had known Sister Pixton fifty years, spoke for a few minutes, calling up many old memories.

Her speech was followed with a song by Althea and Katie Pixton, a short speech by Sister Wells, then a recitation by little Hazel Pixton, "If the Dishes Would Only Wash Themselves." Next, remarks by Sister Spencer, and after she concluded her remarks an intermission was taken and a sumptuous dinner was served in the large hall to all the assembly.

The tables were decorated with flowers and all the bounties of the earth, seemingly, were supplied for the delectation of the guests. Mrs. Pixton was seated in the centre of the first table, at her left Mrs. Young, on the right Mrs. Wells and Bishop Bennion at the head of that table. When all were seated at the three tables, about one hundred and fifty, the Bishop asked the blessing. The conversation at table was mostly of the early days in the valley, and the prosperity that had attended our efforts in these vales.

The guests dispersed after having feasted upon the good things with which the tables were so bounteously supplied, and the younger portion of the party filled the tables again, while the older ones conversed and enjoyed the hour in the exchange of greetings, etc.

The program opened again after intermission. Bishop Rawlins was the first speaker, referred to Brother Pixton and the settlements over Jordan, the Bennions, Harkers and MacKays. Recitation by Charlotte Harker Watts, "The Diamond Wedding;" then a quartette, "My Own Beloved Where'er I Wander," and *encore*, "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," and next a speech by Sister M. A. Webster, who has long been associated with Sister Pixton in

Society labors and as a neighbor. Afterwards a song by Mrs. Margetts Mulhall and a recitation by Phillip Margetts, the veteran actor, and a song by George Margetts and others.

All those who spoke testified to the high esteem in which Sister Pixton was held by the community, her generosity to the poor and needy, her liberality with her friends and her devotion to the Latter-day work were favorably commented upon.

One of her little grandchildren sent a few childish verses which we give below.

Sister Pixton has been energetic, industrious and faithful in all her duties as mother, wife and friend, and certainly "her works follow her."

E. B. W.

Dear Grandma:

I cannot be with you on your birthday, I am sorry to say,
But take pleasure in wishing you many happy returns of the day.
I understand you will be eighty years old,
And still one of the best workers of the world I am told.
Give parties to your relatives, year by year,
Oh, grandma, to everybody you are very dear.
And we hope you will live many years longer,
And gradually get a little stronger.
I know you have not an enemy all over the place,
As far back as any of us would be able to trace.
Come to town each week and act as meek and mild,
And get around as though you were but a child,
Always helping those out who are in need,
And in doing good things you are in the lead,
And now I will stop with love and best wishes,
And the family join me in sending you some birthday kisses.

NAOMI VAN DYKE.

IN HONOR OF SISTER S. B. LAYTON.

An enjoyable surprise party was given by the officers and members of the Kaysville Relief Society, on February 6, 1900, in honorable remembrance of their worthy president, Sister Sarah B. Layton.

Sister Rachel Mansell gave a word of welcome when Sister Ellen Barton and Sister Josephine Ranch escorted Sister Layton to an elegant wicker rocking chair, which had been hidden from view.

Sister Ada Williams made a beautiful speech in behalf of the society: "We, the officers and members of the Kaysville Relief Society present to you this chair in loving remembrance of your long and faithful labors; and may you be permitted to remain with us for years to come and enjoy this our gift. And when you are through with it, may your children keep it in loving remembrance of their mother."

Sister Layton has been an officer in this society from its first organization, which is thirty-two years. She has been a faithful worker and a true friend to the poor.

An excellent program was rendered, after which a sumptuous repast was served, when all chatted merrily until the shadows of eve were beginning to fall, when all dispersed, feeling that the time had been well spent.

ANNIE.

MRS. PHOEBE HEARST, of California, maintains the Hearst free library and reading room at Lead, S. D., paying all the expenses. It contains 6,000 volumes and is largely patronized, although Lead is situated in the Black Hills region. Mrs. Hearst is interested in the welfare of the district, as she owns a large share of the stock of the Homestake Mining Company.

A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mrs. E. B. Wells:

A family reunion was held at the residence of President David John, 145 South J. St., Provo, February 8, the occasion being the fortieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. John. All their children were present and a few of their intimate friends, numbering in all forty persons. A delicious dinner of all the good things of the season was partaken of at five p. m.

The rooms were beautifully and tastefully decorated for the happy event, and the bride was as charming and happy, if not as young and blooming as forty years ago. Such milestones on the journey of life help to lift the burdens that are sometimes heavy as we tread the highway onward, even though there is much daily sweetness in association of kindred and friends.

All spent a pleasant afternoon in social chat, relating reminiscences of the past which had cast their shadows on the future.

One of their daughters, Mrs. Worsencroft, represented the bride of forty years, and Miss Emma John a bride of fifteen years, and her other two daughters bridesmaids of forty years.

The following day, February 19, Mr. and Mrs. John entertained their grandchildren, numbering twenty, in a delightful manner, in charge of their mammias. It was indeed a gala day for the little folks, and one long to be remembered.

ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS.

FROM PATH TO PATH.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A FEW YEARS.

(Conclusion.)

Just at this time my husband went out to Indian Territory, where he had been twice before to preach to the Cherokees. This time he was told to take his family with him, and this necessitated selling our home, as the missionaries have to pay all their individual expenses, and we had mortgaged our cattle to go on the other missionary trips. We went, and our cattle all died, except three head, with Texas fever. But that was not all. The whole family took down with the ague and my father, who came from the old country to visit us, died with a paralytic stroke, so that in six months we had had more trouble on account of sickness than we had seen in the fifteen years of our sojourn in Kansas. We had experienced cyclones and draught, but not anything like we were now passing through.

Finally we returned to Kansas, all too weak to be able to wait upon one another, and as this mission was not for any particular length of time, my husband was released. The first thing we had to do on our return was to look around and try to secure a home again, though we had to board until such time as we received strength to help ourselves. Our means being nearly exhausted we were anxious to help ourselves again, but my husband's condition was very serious, as hemorrhage of the bowels set in before the ague left him, therefore he was six months just able to crawl around. However we all recovered with the exception of my second girl, who was four years of age. She died with inflammation of the bowels, ague fever and congestive chills, and, as I have already stated, we lost my

dear father. Cloud after cloud seemed to be crowded over us till we almost despaired and felt that truly we must be forsaken of the Lord, as want was beginning to stare us in the face and our home was gone. But we never failed to ask aid of Him who had so often heard our prayers.

Before long a man came to us and offered to trade eighty acres of land that was mortgaged, with a house on it, for a beautiful stallion that we had. We were only too glad to make the trade so that we might get a home of our own once more.

Just previous to moving into our new home some Utah Elders arrived and commenced a series of meetings, and finding us out, they came to see us. One evening when one of them called my husband was just going to preside over a cottage meeting so he invited the Elder to go with him, telling him that if his partner who was to assist him had no objection he would invite him to speak, to which proposal they both agreed, the Utah Elder being given part of the time. And thus the Lord was leading us from path to path, until such time as we could discern the narrow way.

That night before they parted the Elder asked the question which was a very important one to me and that proved a turning point in our lives. The question was this: "Do you believe that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God?"

We replied that we knew it, and that we knew the *Book of Mormon* to be of divine origin. The *Doctrine and Covenants* we had never heard of.

He then asked if we believed that the Gospel was brought by the angel and was never to be taken from the earth again? We said certainly we did. Then where was the Gospel from the time of Sydney Rigdon's death till William Bickersten organized his Church?

That question disturbed us more than anything had yet done. My husband walked the floor till nearly midnight, and within a week concluded to be re-baptized. When I saw that he was determined to be baptized, I said to him: "The Josephites claim to be the Church, and we claim to be the Church, and the Utah Elders claim they are the only true Church. Don't be in a hurry. If we have been deceived we might be again deceived." But later when I heard the principle of baptism for the dead I fell in love with the doctrine, for I had been puzzled about the dead many times.

About this time a dream that I had had when in great sorrow, on account of the split in the faction, came to my mind again, as it had often done since I began to understand it, though I kept quiet and thought I would do nothing in haste. Meanwhile, I was glad to see the Elders, and felt there was some affinity with them, as we all believed that Joseph Smith was our prophet. I asked one of them one day why he called me sister when he believed I was in need of baptism, and would have to be rebaptized before I could unite as a sister.

"Well," he said, "I think you will be a full-fledged Mormon one of these days. You know you are only a half-fledged Mormon at present."

To go back to my dream, which I could not forget. I dreamed that I was on board a ship, and I was sitting studying a book when a violent storm arose, tossing the ship with violence. I thought my husband was one of the officers and was walking the deck in a very excited manner, when an old gentleman, who had been lying asleep

on a narrow bed laid near me, rose up and said to me, in a sweet voice: "Sister, do not study so much, but rest. This ship is going to pieces, but you will be saved." My husband then repeated the same words, word for word: "Do not study, but rest," etc.

Well, I did rest, and it was not until I heard sermons on the principle of baptism for the dead that I felt that there was yet something great and grand to receive, and that the Utah Elders had something more than the Bickerstens or Josephites had ever been known to offer. So from that time on I became more zealous than ever to hear the missionaries, so much so that one day my daughter, noticing this fact, called me out of the room when I was conversing with them, to tell me to beware or I would be caught in the net.

And so it was, by gaining here a little and there a little, precept upon precept, that all last I became not only willing, but anxious to be caught in the Gospel net, being baptized by Brother Edwin Udall, who also baptized my daughter a few weeks later.

After these Elders had been released my two eldest boys were baptized by Brother Taylor, whose home was at Harrisville. Both these missionaries have since been laid away to rest from their labors. The amount of fruits that will be brought forth from their labors will not be known in this life, but we know their works do follow them. This is why we never forget to pray for our missionaries. We know they need patience, they need courage, they need good health. They have to pass through many trials, and those who will not be humble enough to receive them and accept the healing balm, that they may be healed of the poisonous errors that they have imbibed from their infancy, will continue to grow worse, and they will grow worse, and they will rage and foam until they become a wonder to themselves, not knowing what ails them.

May you and I, dear readers, continue to be led as little children; for unless one becomes as a little child, he or she will not enter the kingdom of heaven. If we are faithful to the end, the trials and tribulations we have passed through will appear as mere trifles as we become worthy to hear the words:

Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

LITTLE SISTER.

R. S. REPORTS.

PAROWAN STAKE.

The Relief Society Conference of the Parowan Stake of Zion was held in Cedar City, Feb. 8, 1900, President Mary Ann Lunt presiding. There were present of the presiding authorities: Uriah T. Jones, president of the Stake, and counselors, Francis Webster and Bishop W. H. Corray and counselors, and also some other brethren.

Conference commenced by singing "Come let us anew." Opening prayer was offered by Lehi W. Jones. Singing, "Let Zion in her beauty rise."

President Lunt was pleased to see so many present, and hoped we would have a good conference. Thought it best to hold our conference every three months, and prayed the Lord to bless us through this conference.

The reports were then given by the local presidents or counselors; they were very encouraging. The sisters held their meetings regularly, had a good attendance and were united. A good spirit prevailed among them, and the sisters expressed a desire to do their duty.

Bishop William A. Cory encouraged the sisters in the good work they were performing. Spoke at some length upon the training of our children and urged the parents to set a good example before them. Bore his testimony to the work we are engaged in.

Counselor Francis Webster knew the Gospel to be the pearl of great price. Said we learned very slowly, line upon line and precept upon precept. Urged parents to train their children in the Gospel. He was proud to be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Morning session closed by singing "Salem's bright King, Jesus by name." Benediction by Peter Wimes.

Conference reconvened at 2 o'clock. Singing, "God moves in a mysterious way." Prayer by Elder Richard Palmer. Singing, "God spake the word and time began."

The statistical and financial reports were then read and accepted and the General and Stake officers were sustained. There was a change in the Stake secretary. Sister Clark has a large family of small children and it was deemed wise to release her, which was done and a vote of thanks given her for past services.

Sister Caroline K. Jones was then sustained as Stake secretary.

Counselor Arnie Ward bore testimony that the sisters were being awakened to the spirit of knowledge. Encouraged the sisters in their labors.

Counselor Annie E. Webster spoke upon the storing of grain and urged the sisters to be wide awake in looking after and in instructing their children; for the kingdom of God would eventually rest upon them. Bore a strong testimony to the truth of this work.

President Lunt felt to endorse all that had been said, and encouraged all to live pure and happy lives.

President Uriah T. Jones endorsed the excellent remarks that had been made and hoped all would be converted to the teachings that had been put forth. Said we should devote our time and energy for the benefit of our children. Thought mothers should have a good education, so they can bring up their families intelligently and to the best advantage. Prayed the Lord to bless the Relief Society.

Conference adjourned by singing the hymn "Awake, ye Saints of God awake." Benediction by Brother Joseph Hunter.

CAROLINE K. JONES, Sec.

BANNOCK STAKE.

Minutes of the Relief Society conference of Bannock Stake, held at Lund Ward, November 18, 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m., President Mary A. Call presiding. Singing, "O my Father." Prayer by Bishop F. H. Reddish. Singing, "We thank Thee, O God, for a prophet." Minutes of last morning session of conference held at Trout Creek Ward, were read and accepted.

The following wards were represented: President Columbia Loveland, Chesterfield; Julia Pond, Thatcher; Letetia Banks, Lund; Christina Higgenon, Hatch; Ellen

Cramer, Lund branch. All the branches were in a good thriving condition. No grain has been received as yet on account of frost.

President Mary A. Call felt weak in addressing the conference. We cannot have visiting sisters with us from Salt Lake at every conference, as the expense is too great; but through a full payment of the ten cent fund we can have one visit once a year, and thus receive instructions direct from headquarters. Felt that the sisters had responded nobly to the call for funds to assist the nursing class, which had been advised by the General Board for the benefit of ours and the Pocatello Stakes, as well as all the other Stakes of Zion. Felt that, through having had such excellent success, the Lord had been pleased with the undertaking. Testified to the good results already received by her own family, and encouraged the sisters to be united in all things calculated to advance temporally as well as spiritually.

Counselor Sarah M. Call said she was pleased to have had the privilege of attending the General Conference at Salt Lake City, and felt that our Stake was in touch with Relief Society work after comparing our condition with reports from other Stakes. Encouraged the sisters to pay tithing and advised the necessity of holding fast meetings occasionally in the different branches, as it gave an increased flow of the Spirit of God in our midst.

Counselor Rosa B. Knowles gave an account of her labors in the nursing class. She took a great delight in her labors, though a very great amount of difficulty had had to be overcome to accomplish this work, on account of having a large family of small children and having been in poor health. Though she had received knowledge, she would yet be unable to accomplish the good necessary without the united faith and prayers of her sisters. Desired to go forth as a nurse in obstetrics in faith and humility, and exercise her faith in behalf of the other sisters who had taken the course at Soda Springs, she having graduated at the same time with Sister Christina Higginson at Pocatello.

Sister Emma Toone, one of the Soda Springs class graduates, said that she had been greatly blessed in her efforts. Rejoiced that she had responded to the call made of her to take the course, for it devolves upon some one to do this work, and she felt thankful to have been worthy of such a mission and that she had been so successful in her studies. Bore testimony that Dr. Ellis R. Shipp had accomplished a great work in giving us this knowledge to do so much good among our mothers in the Stake. Earnestly asked the assistance of the faith and prayers of the Saints in the Stake in her own and other nurses behalf. Mentioned a movement that had been suggested of forming a nursing class for the purpose of meeting with the other sisters who had graduated in the Stake and instructing each other in their continued study of this branch of knowledge.

President Mary A. Call felt that she must express her thankfulness and satisfaction in listening to the testimonies of the nurses.

Bishop F. H. Reddish bore testimony to the willingness and usefulness of the Relief Society sisters in his ward. Realized that the sisters work under greater difficulties than the brethren to be able to accomplish their work and must consequently practice

great sacrifice, through which our greatest blessings are received, accompanied by faith and humility and a disposition to submit ourselves to those in authority. No great good is ever accomplished without opposition. We need still more nurses in our midst.

Meeting adjourned until one o'clock p. m. Singing, "Come let us anew." Benediction by Elder John Knowles.

Minutes of afternoon session of Bannock Stake conference, November 18, 1899, President Mary A. Call presiding. Singing, "Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation." Prayer by Julia Pond. Singing, "Earth with her ten thousand flowers." Minutes of afternoon session of last conference were read and accepted. Officers' meeting, all funds reported. Officers of the General and Stake Board were presented and accepted.

President Mary A. Call explained the object of membership fees. Advocated subscriptions to the EXPONENT, in order to keep posted on the affairs of women, and to sustain it as the organ of the Relief Society. Advised mothers to look after the welfare of their children, especially at the time for them to choose companions for life. Girls from sixteen to twenty years of age need to be preparing themselves for the responsibilities of motherhood, rather than to be performing that duty without a proper knowledge.

Sister Dorthea Lau represented the Soda Springs ward. Though a small society, they have ample opportunity of doing good.

Christina Higginson, a graduate of the nurses class, heartily endorsed the labors of Dr. Ellis R. Shipp and felt that she was a true Saint and an excellent teacher of her profession, and she felt to recognize the authority by which the doctor had been sent to us.

Sisters Mary E. Parker, Julia Pond, Brother P. P. Lexemberg and Sister Edleffsen each spoke of the necessity of giving our children a proper training, of informing ourselves by reading good books, that we may teach them according to the mind and will of God, for he will not hold us guiltless for neglect in this line. We as parents must encourage the Primary Association workers, for their interest and ours cannot be separated. Many mothers wear out their bodies in their efforts to look after their children's physical welfare and grossly neglect their moral and spiritual training. Let us teach our children to pray, pay tithing, love their meetings and honor the priesthood, and great will be our joy and satisfaction in raising up a righteous posterity to the Lord.

A paper was read by the secretary entitled "The Origin and Destiny of Woman."

After closing remarks by Counselor Sarah M. Call, conference was then adjourned for six months.

Singing, "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning." Benediction by Mary A. Tolman.

MRS. MARY LOWE DICKINSON, of the National Council of Women, finding that there was danger of a deficit in the treasury, promptly contributed \$450, which put the balance on the right side.

THE South African war is costing England about \$5,000,000 a week. If the economical and housekeeping sex had the Parliamentary vote, it is likely that they would object to so large a butcher's bill.

OBITUARY.

JULIA IVINS McDONALD PACE.

A womanly woman; what more can we say?
Has passed from the gloom to the beautiful day;
As such she was greeted, and if women we be,
As such we shall know her eternally.

Death comes to all, but never does it come with more crushing sadness than when a mother is suddenly called from home and little ones; and when to the noble qualifications of wife and motherhood is added marked ability and a desire to be helpful to one's fellow creatures, then indeed is the blow twofold.

Such a woman was Julia Ivins McDonald Pace, who was unexpectedly called away in the prime of womanhood, while her babe was sleeping upon her arm. So far as health would permit she had been an active worker in many associations, having been connected at different times with the Primary, Young Ladies and Relief Society organizations. She was also secretary of the Silk Association of St. George. Earlier in life she went to Ann Arbor to study medicine, but her health failing her, she returned home, not being able to complete the course.

She was a charter member of the Utah Woman's Press Club, and a member of the Committee on Bylaws, her home being in Salt Lake City at the time of its organization; and although later she moved to St. George, we were proud to retain her as an honorary member.

She was a writer of no mean order, having written many excellent papers for the club and for the press. Her stories, too, may be found in many of our home publications.

Our beloved sister, now deceased, was born December 2, 1859, and died January 17, 1900. She is the first member of the Press Club called away by death.

Methinks that I see the Books opened,
And an angel the pages turn o'er,
Till he comes to her name, when he pauses—
"Sainted woman, thou'lt sorrow no more;
Thy life has been weighed in the balance,
Which tipped at the mark of pure gold,
By thy name is recorded most worthy,
'Enter into the joy of thy Lord.'"

RUTH M. FOX,
ROMANIA B. PRATT,
LUCY A. CLARK,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

*Passed out of regard for the memory of
a good woman.*

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom, has deemed it best to call unto Himself our beloved co-worker, Julia A. McDonald Pace, who recently departed this life in St. George Utah; and

WHEREAS, She has been suddenly removed from us in the prime of a useful life, wherein all the powers of her talented mind and sympathetic heart, over-taxed her physical endurance, in her devotion to the cause of truth and the building up of God's kingdom upon the earth, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That the General Board of the Primary Association bow in humble submission to the will of the Great Creator.

RESOLVED, that we deeply regret the loss of her valued counsels and zealous labor, in behalf of the Primary children of Zion.

RESOLVED, That we extend to her family our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be placed upon our records, one sent to the *Deseret News* and WOMAN'S EXPONENT for publication, and one presented to the sorrowing family.

LOUIE B. FELT, President,
MAY ANDERSON, Secretary.

LADIES' SEMI-MONTHLY MEETING.

The Ladies Semi-Monthly Meeting was held in the 14th Ward Assembly Hall, Saturday, February 17, 1899, Counselor Elizabeth J. Stevenson presiding.

Meeting opened with singing. Prayer by Sister Julia C. Howe.

Remarks were made by Sister Stevenson on the great blessings we enjoy. She had just returned from visiting in the Pocatello Stake, and had found a great feeling of unity and love. One of the presidents said

she and her counselors personally visited the poor.

Sister Mary Silver said we were greatly blessed in many ways, that she thought it a great privilege we had in using the oil in administering to our children.

One sister testified that she had been healed of asthma and also partial paralysis by the administration of the Elders. Knew of many others who were also healed. Hoped she might continue faithful and do her duty.

Sister Martha Morris then sang, very sweetly, "O Jesus, the Giver."

President M. I. Horne was thankful that we could meet and testify of the power of healing. All were not healed in Christ's time. A promise is made that if our time has come we will be taken. if not, we will live if we believe. Advised the sisters to use mild herbs and not depend so much on physicians. She had raised her own children through the laying on of hands and also using herbs. The prophet said the sisters had the privilege of administering and no matter who believeth these signs, such as healing the sick, etc., should follow. Should we not prize these blessings? Are we living so that we can claim these blessings? Let us put our trust in our heavenly Father. Spoke of the promises made through keeping the Word of Wisdom and of cultivating faith. Do not fear when diseases are around, we must expect them, but trust in the Lord and all will be well. Referred to the late Apostle F.D. Richards, who was a faithful, humble, true Latter-day Saint; and also Brother Goddard, who had done a great work in the Sunday Schools. The Saints should be cheerful and happy. Let those who give, give freely and cheerfully. Believed much good would be accomplished through the division of the Stake, in waking the people up and making them more energetic. She had felt at first that it was like a mother losing her children, had very little trouble in this Stake, some were energetic, while others were as if they were in a rut. Today is a proving day, not of many words, but a day of warning. Spoke on Sabbath breaking. One circumstance she had never spoken of in public, but felt it her duty to do so. At the time the Gospel was brought to Canada Sister Walton opened her house for Elder P. P. Pratt to hold the meetings in. While the prophet was in Toronto, Canada, visiting the Saints, there was a special meeting called at Sister Walton's home; present were John Taylor and wife, John Snyder and wife, Joseph Horne and wife, Sydney Rigdon, Thomas B. Marsh, Joseph Fielding and his two sisters, Mary and Mercy. They asked the prophet to relate the visit of the angel to him. His countenance lit up and shone by the influence of the Holy Ghost while he related to us the incidents connected with the restoration of the Gospel, especially that relating to the visit of the angels, etc." "I am the only one now living of those present on that occasion."

Sister Witdsoe felt the influence of the Spirit. She was thankful to hear Sister Horne's testimony. Spoke of keeping the Word of Wisdom, little by little if we could not all at once.

Sister Butterworth thought we if could so live that our guardian angel would prompt us what to do in sickness. Another sister thought the Lord blessed His daughters as well as His sons. She was the only one of a large family who had embraced the Gos-

pel. It is not those who do well for a season, but those who endure to the end.

Sister Margaret Nightingale had felt greatly disappointed when she had come to meeting and found the door shut. Felt to appreciate these meetings, and wished to be a true Latter-day Saint. Remarks were also made by a sister who had been at the organization of the Granite Stake.

Sister Howe said her heart went out in regard to faith, she had been healed by the administration of her sisters. Our prayers will be answered if we ask in faith. Said Sister Lydia D. Alder sent her love to all. She was filling a good mission, her health is not excellent. She would like all the sisters to remember her.

A sister had lost her only child, but had been blessed and comforted by Apostle Taylor. Testified that this was the work of God.

Sister Martha Morris sang, "Let us pray, gladly pray."

President Horne notified the sisters that our conference would be held in the 14th ward Assembly Hall, Saturday, March 3. Thought it advisable to have the officers of the Relief Society of this Stake meet here once a month. The other meeting would be for the public. Adjourned meeting for four weeks.

A. T. HYDE, Sec. *pro tem.*

A PLEASANT REUNION.

A reunion of the branches of the Relief Society of the St. Joseph Stake was held in Pima, Saturday, January 6, 1900. There was a good attendance, every society being represented with the exception of St. David and Franklin, from which, on account of the distance, no one was present.

A well arranged and appropriate program was rendered, consisting of songs, recitations and music, also speeches by President Udall, of the St. John's Stake, Patriarch Claridge and others, after which lunch was served to two or three hundred people.

In the evening a dance was given which, under the able management of Professor Emile Maeser, proved to be profitable as well as pleasant. All returned to their homes feeling reunited indeed.

SARAH WEBB, Sec. R. S.

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Arrive Salt Lake City.

No. 5	The "Fast Mail" from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City.....	3 00 p.m.
No. 1	The "Overland Limited" from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver....	3 00 p.m.
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